

NOVEMBER 1906

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When baby washed, his ardent key
would very often reach high C
but now in sheer delight he'll crow
when bathed with

HAND SAPOLIO





I AM thankful that I live in a country which, with all its imperfections, has the most just government the ages have developed. I would rather feel the grip of trusts than the heels of tyrants. I would rather be forced to the wall than be caught in the clutch of the Iron Virgin, now exhibited among other historical horrors in a castle at Nuremberg as a reminder of infamous centuries the world has outgrown.

I am thankful for freedom, a blessing which we of this era did not ordain. It comes to us as a rich inheritance, a perpetual enjoyment. Modern democracy is worth preserving. It has no ancient counterpart. When Greece called itself a republic, it contained more slaves than citizens.

I am thankful that America, with all its inequality, is a land of distributed plenty. The cry of discontent is part of the roar of progress. Never before in any land could so many millions share meals of more than one course, or pass their plate a second time.

A myriad inventions and discoveries occasion thankful sentiments. Before Franklin's time our colonial fathers often prepared feasts of thanksgiving, but they did not cook them on stoves. The Dark Ages did not vanish until the nineteenth century. Gas, electricity, and the friction-match are all modern.

The only fuel was wood. Many of Washington's army died of the cold in a state whose mountains are full of coal.

I am thankful that I live in a liberal age. When forks were introduced into England, in Elizabeth's time, it was a mark of affectation to use them, and to ride in any kind of a carriage was considered effeminate. I am thankful for the luxury of travel.

I am thankful that nearly everybody can spell out the wonders in the land of letters. In the days of tournaments (when knighthood was in flower), the heroes whom we idolize could not read nor write. I am thankful that, while trusts are uppermost, the multitude can afford to buy oil and read up on the subjects of their wrongs.

There is occasion for general thanksgiving that while there have been many recent exposures of commercial and political corruption, the vigilance of the press and the courage of honest citizens have started reforms which promise to be permanent.

I am thankful that many and increasing millions in this Republic realize that whoever buys a man gets the worst of the bargain. I am thankful that in America's civic awakening a man's worth is not measured by the money in his possession.

What America has produced in the past is a reassurance for the future. I am thankful that I am a member of the nation which brought into being a man of sorrows so lofty in spirit that no human figure in any of the centuries can be cited in comparison with him. The principles for which he stood must some day animate all republics and kingdoms and possibly unite them.

I feel that I have a right to be thankful that fate has cast my lot in this, the leader of nations and the most favored one, in its most favored age.



Drawn by J. R. Wenzell

SHE WAS LOOKING OUT ONCE MORE INTO THE DIMLY LIGHTED PASSAGE. "I AM
ACTUALLY NERVOUS," SHE WHISPERED. "I HATE UNEX-
PLAINED NOISES"

("The Kingdom of Earth," page 47)

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DANIEL'S COMET OF 1907, PHOTOGRAPHED LAST AUGUST WITH THE YERKES FORTY-
INCH REFRACTING TELESCOPE, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD

Comets and Their Mystery

By Waldemar Kaempffert

THE present year, 1907, was distinguished by the discovery of a comet by Professor Daniel of Princeton Observatory. Although it has been surpassed in brilliance and size by many of its predecessors, Daniel's comet was by far the brightest object of its kind that we have seen in the northern heavens for twenty-five years. When first observed, on June 9th, it was a faint nebulous spot visible only through the telescope. Rapidly increasing in brightness, it could be seen with the naked eye in July. During the latter end of August and the early part of September it was as dazzling as a star of the second

magnitude. In the early hours of the morning, from two o'clock until dawn, it was a conspicuously beautiful object in the constellation of Gemini (the Twins), particularly during the first week in September. Its head had a diameter of nearly 236,000 miles, which means that it was nearly thirty times larger than the earth. Because the comet was presented to us obliquely, its tail seemed shorter than it really was; yet astronomers figured that it must have been at least twenty million miles in length.

At the time of its greatest brilliance the comet had a speed of about sixty miles a

second, compared with which the swift-est projectile fired from the most powerful modern gun would seem to crawl through space. On September 4th the comet whirled around the sun. A fortnight later it retreated so far from the earth that it could be seen only with difficulty. By the end of Sep-

tember the telescope alone could detect it. Thus it made its exit as modestly as it had entered. Will it ever return? Perhaps in some thousands of years it may; and on the other hand it may not. The astronomers have not as yet completed their final computation of its period. It traveled in an orbit which, although probably an ellipse, was to us an ellipse of such inconceivably vast dimensions that mathematically it must be regarded as an open curve. Although three observations made on three different nights will usually give three points from which the astronomer can determine in a general way the character of a comet's path, the problem of plotting the orbit is one of unusual complexity. The period of Halley's comet has not yet been definitely fixed, with the result that we know only in a general way that it will appear some time in 1910. Many astronomers are working hard to win a prize offered by a German astronomical



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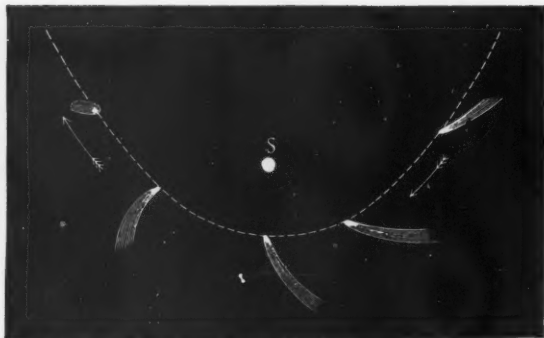
BROOKS'S COMET IN 1893, SHOWING TAIL BROKEN SUPPOSEDLY BY COLLISION WITH A SWARM OF METEORS

society for an exact determination of the path of Halley's comet. The orbit of Daniel's comet presented difficulties because the angle made by its plane with the plane of the earth's orbit was so very small that a line drawn through three points obtained on three successive nights did not differ sensibly from a straight line. When the comet rounded the sun, however, the curve was obviously more pronounced. Once in the toils of the mathematician it becomes possible to follow the movements of the comet in the astronomer's mind's eye, even when it has disappeared, and to indicate the very spot in the heavens where it should reappear if it describes a closed curve.

When the labor of plotting the orbit of Daniel's comet is at last completed, it may transpire that it visited the earth so long ago that its visit has been forgotten even by tradition. Who knows but it may have ushered in some pregnant event when mankind was young? Who knows but it may return to us when mankind is old and de-

crepit and the earth is entering upon that last stage of its career which will ultimately reduce it to a cold, dead, and desolate world?

Halley and his comet are inextricably bound up not only with the history of Europe, but



From "The Story of the Heavens" by Sir Robert Ball

DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW THE TAIL OF A COMET IS ALWAYS DIRECTED AWAY FROM THE SUN



ANOTHER VIEW OF DANIEL'S COMET. TAKEN WITH THE GREAT YERKES TELESCOPE

In photographing a comet, the telescopic camera is timed to move exactly with the comet. Hence in this and the picture on page 3, the comet appears sharp and the stars as streaks of light.

Comets and Their Mystery

with Newton and his law of gravitation; for Halley was Newton's pupil, stanch friend, and counselor. To his persuasive insistence and to his touching devotion to what he considered his scientific duty we owe the publication of that famous treatise of Newton's in which the immutable laws of gravitation were first laid down. He became the prophet of gravitation. In accordance with Newton's laws he plotted the orbit of a comet that had alarmed the world in 1682, and concluded that it was the same that had shone in 1607 and 1531, and that it would return in 1758, fifty-four years after his utterance. Past the prime of life when he made his calculation, he knew that the triumph of seeing his prediction fulfilled would be denied him. He died in 1742 at the age of eighty-five, certain that his forecast would be verified and leaving behind him a pathetically patriotic appeal which reads, "*Wherefore, if, according to what we have already said, it should return again about the year 1758, candid posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an Englishman.*" With poetic fitness the comet blazed forth on Christmas day, 1758.

Newton's law of gravitation teaches us that comets must describe ellipses, parabolas, or

hyperbolas, all of which curves are obtained by cutting a cone in different ways. Since Halley's time the orbits of more than three hundred comets have been plotted with more or less accuracy, and of these, sixty describe ellipses, 255 parabolas, and two hyperbolas. Of the entire number we may expect to see only the sixty traveling in elliptical orbits; for the others follow open curves which must inevitably convey them far beyond the confines of our solar system. The sixty comets which revolve about the sun in closed ellipses return to the same point after periods that vary from three years to several hundred years. On an average two or three periodical comets appear every year, and three or four which are unexpected and will never be seen again.

Mathematics in Newton's law of gravitation have so thoroughly dispelled the dreadful divinity which once did hedge a comet that only the possibility of a collision of the earth with some large fiery wanderer gives us any cause for uneasiness in these unsuperstitious days. A gambler at Monte Carlo, however, is more likely to break the bank than the earth is to encounter a comet. Two inquisitive scientists, Arago and Babinet, have computed the possibility of such a meeting. They have soothingly concluded



From "The Story of the Heavens"

THE COMET OF 1858, SHOWING APPARENTLY THREE TAILS. THE TWO LIGHTER ONES FORM THE TWO SIDES OF A HOLLOW CONE SUPPOSEDLY OF HYDROGEN. THE BROAD TAIL IS COMPOSED OF HYDROCARBONS



From "*The Story of the Heavens*"

THE GREAT COMET OF 1882 WHOSE NUCLEUS BROKE INTO FOUR SEPARATE PIECES

that such a calamity may occur once in about fifteen million years, and that the chances in favor of a collision are roughly 281,000,000 to 1. Although the earth has never struck a large comet, it has frequently swept through a comet's tail. The last passages of this kind occurred in 1819 and in 1861. In neither case was anyone the

wiser until, long after, the fact was announced by astronomers. If the earth ever does collide with a very large comet it has been asserted that the impact will develop heat enough to melt granite. The effect on terrestrial life can be imagined. So remote is the possibility however, that speculation of this kind is childishly futile. Jules Verne

Comets and Their Mystery

and the modern newspaper are largely responsible for the popular belief in such a catastrophe.

A comet is distinguished usually by a nucleus, by an envelope called the coma, which surrounds the nucleus, and, lastly, by its luminous tail streaming behind the nucleus for perhaps a hundred million miles and more as the comet swims toward the sun. Occupying a volume thousands of times greater than the sun, the question naturally arises, How can a body with so vast an appendagesweep through the solar system without deranging every planet? Fortunately for the preservation of the solar system, a comet, so far from being a compact mass, is often transparent. Stars have been distinctly seen without perceptible diminution of brightness, not only through the tail, but even through the nucleus. In structure the tail is a gossamer of molecules so ghostly that in comparison the filmiest of bridal veils is coarsely dense and the thinnest haze that hovers on the horizon is an impenetrable blanket. Indeed, the earth's atmosphere on the clearest day is far denser. Hundreds of cubic miles of a comet's tail are probably outweighed by a jarful of air. A plume of such fairy lightness can hardly be supposed to remain permanent, and so it is not astonishing to find that during its swift journey around the sun a comet's outlines are incessantly changing. An interval of a few days, or perhaps of a few hours, may work wonders in its diaphanous texture. Its path is its only permanent characteristic,

indeed, the only characteristic by which it can be surely identified if it ever returns.

From all the known facts astronomers have concluded that the nucleus of a comet

is merely a mass of meteors, easily dispersed into small groups, or distributed gradually along the orbit, until eventually the comet is completely disintegrated and extinguished. Astronomical history offers considerable evidence in support of this hypothesis. Biela's comet, discovered in 1826 and carefully observed on each return, split into two parts and reappeared as a curious double comet in 1846. When it revisited the earth in 1852, the two parts had drifted away from each other and were separated about one million miles. Since then the comet has disappeared. Every six and a half years the earth crosses the track of that lost comet. Meteoric showers then rain upon us. In these meteors we see all that is now left of Biela's comet. Similarly, the great comet of 1882 literally lost its head by breaking into four portions, each of which will some day form a separate comet. Another link in this chain of testimony is presented by the chemical composition of meteorites which have found their way to the earth, a composition which

agrees exactly with that of a comet.

How large are the meteorites which constitute a comet? From all that we can judge, their size may vary from a grain to several tons. The shoal of meteorites or "shooting stars," through which the earth plows in autumn, are certainly but mere grains of



From "The Story of the Heavens"

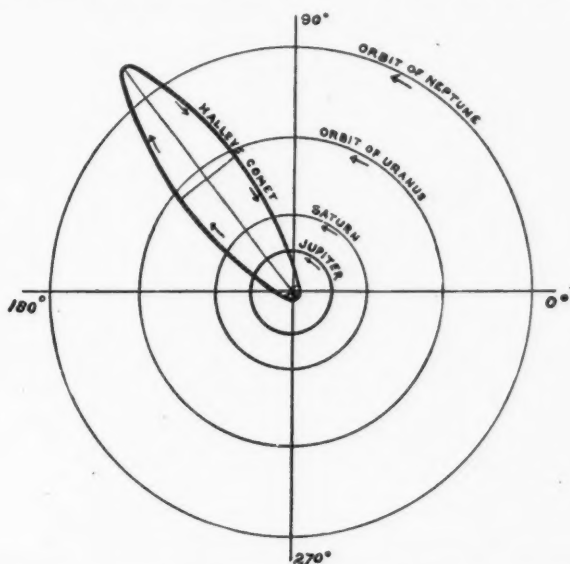
COGGIA'S COMET OF 1874, SHOWING
CLEARLY THE NUCLEUS AND THE
COMA OR HEAD FROM WHICH
THE TAIL STREAMS AWAY

matter heated to luminosity by the friction of the earth's atmosphere. Of such grains a comet is probably chiefly composed.

As a comet approaches the sun violent eruptions occur in the nucleus. The matter which is ejected is thrown back in a curve and forms the brilliant hollow casing which we call the coma. Sometimes several comas are formed in succession and are concentrically collected around the nucleus. Donati's comet of 1858 was so equipped. Doubtless much of the matter which is thus ejected from the nucleus helps to form the

the laws of gravitation it should always point toward the sun. Yet some strange solar force, more powerful even than gravitation, must repel it from the sun. Only within the last few years has the riddle of that unknown force been solved. Two undreamed-of sources of power have been discovered to which we may attribute all the vagaries of a comet's tail. Of these the one is the pressure of light, and the other the electrical repulsion of the sun.

The pressure of a sunbeam is never manifested to our eyes in the sense that we



ORBIT OF HALLEY'S COMET—THE FIRST TO BE ACCURATELY PLOTTED. ITS PERIOD IS FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS, AND IT WILL BE NEXT SEEN IN 1910

comet's tail, but that supposition, justifiable though it is, fails to explain the startling eccentricities of that tail.

A comet is first seen as a hazy patch of light, frequently without any appendage. As it speeds toward the sun it throws out first jets or streamers and eventually its luminous tail, which increases in length and brightness as the sun is approached and which trails behind like the smoke of a steamer. When the comet whirls around the sun something very amazing happens. The tail no longer floats behind, but actually precedes the nucleus, just as if a mighty wind were blowing it from the sun. By all

actually see bodies swayed by its means. Yet a Russian physicist, Lebedev, and two Americans, Nichols and Hull, have proved by actual experiment that light and all other forms of energy radiated from the sun exert a pressure which, on the entire earth, amounts to the considerable total of seventy-five thousand tons. Light-pressure overcomes gravitation because it acts on surfaces rather than on masses. Divide a ball of lead weighing one pound into one thousand leaden balls. The entire mass still weighs one pound, but the surface exposed to light is enormously increased. If each small leaden ball is in turn divided into a

Comets and Their Mystery

thousand parts, the weight still remains the same, but the surface subjected to light-pressure is again enlarged. By carrying this subdivision to microscopic minuteness particles of lead will finally be obtained so vast in area compared with their mass that the pressure of light will exactly counter-balance the attraction of gravitation. Consequently each particle will be poised in space absolutely motionless. When that critical point is passed and subdivision is carried still further, the pressure of light tears each particle from the clutch of gravitation and hurls it out into space. A very distinguished Swedish physicist, Svante Arrhenius, bases an ingenious theory of cometary phenomena on this principle—a theory, moreover, which has gained credence among the more progressive scientists of our time. In order to explain that theory somewhat more fully, we must know something of the chemical composition of a comet's tail.

By means of an instrument called the spectroscope, which enables a chemist to identify any element by its light when heated to incandescence, comets have been magically transported to our laboratories and analyzed with nearly as much accuracy as if they were stones picked up in the road. This scientific sorcery has taught us that the composition of a comet is not unlike that of the blue flame of our gas-stoves. In a word, a comet consists chiefly of hydrogen and carbon combined—what chemists term hydrocarbons. As the comet dashes toward the sun and its temperature consequently rises, the spectroscope reveals the presence of iron, magnesium, and other metals in the nucleus. With a closer approach to the sun, the hydrocarbons split up into hydrogen gas

and hydrocarbons of a higher boiling-point. Finally, a time comes when these more refractory hydrocarbons in turn decompose into free carbon in the form of soot. Because the interstellar spaces are airless the soot cannot burn, but must accompany the comet in the form of a very fine dust. This dust, propelled away from the sun by radiation pressure, constitutes the tail of many a comet. Naturally the soot particles will vary considerably in size. Some will be smaller than the little leaden particles of the critical size to which reference has already been

made. They will be flung back from the comet to form the tail. Some of the soot particles may be larger than the critical size. They will be jerked forward toward the sun in advance of the comet to form what is known as the comet's beard, a rather rare phenomenon. Because the particles which are small enough to be repelled by sunlight may not all have the same diameter, and because there are in all probability particles other than those of carbon, it is inconceivable that the dust will be thrown back from the nucleus with equal force in all its parts.

Hence it may happen that more than one tail will be formed. Thus Arrhenius explains the wonderful comet of 1744, which had no less than five tails, and the three-tailed comet of Donati, which astonished the world in 1858.

Newton saw the great comet of 1680 throw out a tail sixty million miles long in two days. Can the pressure of light impel cometary dust with sufficient speed to cover that enormous distance in so short a time? Arrhenius has mathematically demonstrated that a particle of one-half the critical diameter would travel at a speed of 865,000



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WHAT THE INHABITANTS OF WESTERN EUROPE
SAW IN THE GREAT COMET OF 1528. THE
SWORD AND SEVERED HEADS DE-
SCRIBED BY AMBROISE PARÉ

miles an hour. Since the dust particles under discussion are only one-eighteenth of that critical diameter they will be cast over the same distance in less than four minutes. The particles which are thus ejected from the nucleus are necessarily minute; yet their estimated diameter, which may vary from one twenty-thousandth to one one-hundred-and-twenty-five-thousandth part of an inch, is not less than that of many bacteria.

The doctrine of Arrhenius applies only to comets having tails which are repelled with an energy not exceeding twenty times the force of gravitation. A thirteen-inch gun charged with the best modern smokeless powder cannot be expected to fire a projectile more than a certain number of miles. So the light-pressure of the sun has its limitations. In order to explain the occurrence of tails which are ejected from the nucleus with a force that may be as much as forty times more powerful than gravitation, we must rely on the tremendous electrical energy of the sun.

The modern school of English physicists headed by Prof. J. J. Thomson, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Sir William Crookes, has taught us that a hot body, a metal upon which ultraviolet rays are allowed to fall, a Crookes' tube, and radium, discharge corpuscles with enormous velocity, and that the corpuscles are charged with negative electricity. Indeed, there is some evidence that the corpuscles are themselves what may be termed material electricity. Each corpuscle is about one thousand times smaller than an atom—the smallest body which chemists hitherto supposed could exist. About three hundred thousand chemical atoms laid side by side would measure an inch; yet one hundred thousand of these corpuscles can lie in the diameter of an atom. Compared with atoms they are as

a buckshot to a Gothic cathedral. It is generally agreed that the sun is constantly bombarding the universe with countless millions of these infinitesimal charges of negative electricity. Every schoolboy knows that when the negative pole of one magnet is presented to the negative pole of another magnet, the one repels the other. Hence the sun, in order to repel negatively charged corpuscles, must itself be a negatively charged globe. When the corpuscular charges from the sun encounter the molecules constituting the gas which surrounds a comet's head, they charge the molecules negatively. The result is obvious. Evidently the negatively charged gas molecules and the negatively charged corpuscles will both be repelled by the negatively charged sun. So terrific is the corpuscular energy lavishly expended by the sun that it is amply adequate to form tails of comets for which the pressure of light cannot be invoked.

That the theories of Arrhenius and Thomson are not mere scientific moonshine, but have some basis in fact, the spectro-scope testifies. The gases which are so indispensable, if the corpuscular theory is to be accepted, have been traced in many a comet's tail for vast distances from the nucleus. In Swift's comet they persisted for three million miles from the head, which means that electrical forces were there at play. On the other hand, the presence of cometary dust impelled by radiation pressure is indicated by reflected sunlight; for each little particle of soot is a miniature mirror that reflects the image of the sun. It may be that other causes contribute their share in the creation of a comet's elements. Two at least have been definitely discovered which adequately explain what was long a mystery but is really a very simply explained manifestation of cosmic forces.



The Heart

By George
Allan England

This is an ancient
history of Love and
of hate and of death
out of Old Narbonne,
eight hundred years
ago.



Of Love

with Decoration
By John Boyd.

"Rossinhol el seu repaire
Iras ma dompna vezer,
E dignas lei meu afaire
Et m dignat del seu ver,
E man sai,
Com estar"

I

THE Lady Sorremonda de Castel-Rossilon was young, a woman formed for love itself. White she was, and fair, in a land of sun-browned folk; her braids she plaited up with golden threads, which dulled by contrast. Her white breasts she girt with a broad zone of gold. She was in truth (as all men named her) a very Golden Lady.

But Lord Raimon de Castel-Rossilon saw this not, or if he saw he did not care. He was no ladies' man, I'll warrant you! Long years and an evil life had quenched his heart-fires, so now he did little but ride abroad on wars, or with his hounds and squires course the gray wolves, or the tusked boars of Narbonne. The weeks and months were long for Dompna Sorremonda.

Now in the County Rossilon dwelt a certain gentleman, one Guillems de Cabestaing, pleasing in person, young withal, and esteemed in arms and courtesy and service. Lord Raimon had won the Dompna from him only because of the weight of the ducal hand. The marriage had worked no change in their once-promised love, save this only, that it brought tears, tears, tears to Sorremonda and sighs, curses, and black thoughts to Guillems. The

gentleman wrote sonnets, too, so that folk came to call him "*El trobador de l'amor perdut*"; that is to say, the poet of lost love. Often he made *sirenas* and *albas* at midnight or at dawn, bidding the nightingale bear news betwixt his lady and himself, singing,

*Rossinhol el seu repaire
Iras ma dompna vezer . . .*

When Lord Raimon heard these things rumored forth, he sent out spies and varlets and found that they were true. Then, like a jealous and violent man, he raged terribly, gnawed his beard (which was black like the fell of a black bear), and lay awake o' nights, devising evil. He pondered, pondered, and finally peace once more rested on his soul. And meantime a good friend of Guillems told the poet that Lord Raimon had heard of the matter of the *sirenas*.

Some days later, came a mounted messenger to Guillems's house, tricked out with

Raimon's colors, bearing a friendly letter wherein Sir Guillems was bidden to attend at Castel-Rossilon and charm the court with those sweet devices which (the letter said) had won such great repute. But behold ye! Guillems was not in his house, nor in the city, nor could any man say where he might be. It was as though the earth had gaped to swal-



low him. Wherefore the messenger, wondering greatly, rode away with his letter. Some of the wise ones wagged their tongues, for everybody knew that Raimon, whom all called *Lo geios*, the jealous one, was no man (whether he loved Sorremonda or not) to let a poet sing *sirenas* to his lady thus.

Two months passed away without word or sign of Guillems, so that his inheritors were already minded to divide his goods among them; and over the land of Old Provence the chilling mistral reigned, making mockery with its cold breath of the pure and deep and overarching sky.

II

One night of mid-January a ragged and bedrabbled blind man came groping over moor and meadow to Castel-Rossilon where it sat within its moonlight-dappled moat as though hemmed round by a silver girdle. This fellow, tapping, tapping with his staff, traversed the castle-garth and outer bailey unchallenged, crossed the swing-bridge, and knocked at the wicket until Aimeric, peering out and seeing only a blind, bearded tatterdemalion with a rote slung over his shoulder, bade him into the guard-room. There, cheered by hospitable words, he sat and warmed himself on the big settle before the fire, and presently was prevailed upon to unsling his rote and play, singing of war and the chase. But when the guardsmen begged a song of love, he sighed and shook his head and would not.

"Sing us of love, the love of woman," cried Lanfranc, he of Anjou, "and I'll give thee a new *bicoquet*, for by the Lady thine is sadly frayed!"

"Love! Love!" echoed Gaucelm, "and I'll add my doublet to the gift! We would hear aught of gallantry!"

The stranger only shook his head, so that his beard and long hair flailed. "Nay," said he, "the gifts gladly would I have, but not at such a price! I sing only the love of God and our Blessed Virgin of the Seven Doulours. If such please you, good friends, I do your bidding."

Now it was the guardsmen's turn to cry nay, for such pious songs ill suited them. But others of the castle-folk, hearing of the stranger's words, came down into the guard-room and crowded through curiosity round the settle, observing the guest by the light of the cressets smoking and sputtering on the

wall. Unseemly jests there were, until at last Guirant, the chaplain's clerk, tapped his tonsured forehead and bade them hold their peace. Whereat the laughter ceased, and all listened courteously while the blind man sang to his rote the "*Cantilena de Santa Maria Magdalena*," and after it the holy hymn:

*Al pes de Jesu Crist la pecairis s'estent,
Aitant longa cant jon, ei ac tal penitent . . .*

At last, when he was weary, they rendered him thanks and led him to the mess-table; a half-empty flask of Burgundy they placed before him, and some remnants of food. He ate but little, casting down what he deemed the better portion to the wolf-hounds which lay upon the rushes under the table. The wine he would not drink, but begged for cold, fresh water. And once more Guirant tapped his brow significantly.

The stranger slept that night before the red embers of the fire, wrapped well in hospitable mantles. Next day he stayed, ate with the scullions, and again at nightfall sang holy songs. And on the third day Lord Raimon ordered him to private audience.

"What's thy name, fellow?" he asked, when the troubadour stood before him with bowed head.

"Arnaut Bornelh, of the broken heart, an it please thee, lord."

"And from what country?"

"From Tarragona, which lies over beyond the mountains."

"What doest thou?"

"I sing. I praise the Seven Sorrows and the Wounds. I wander."

"Ummm! Tell me, in thy wanderings of late hast thou ever bespoken or heard tell of a certain good man named Guillems de Cabestaing?"

"Thy friend, lord?"

"Eh? *What?* Wouldst catechize me, thou base-begotten knave?"

"Pardon, sire! I asked only to answer better. My wits, they say, are none of the best."

"True, true. Well, then, yes, a friend of mine. By the blood, a great friend! Thou must help me find him! I'll reward thee well!"

"What manner of man was he, lord?"

"Well, thou hairy knave, of some such height as thou, and not unlike in body, but beardless and pale. He made poems and such cat-lap—to ladies—and sang them, too. Hast met him on thy wanderings?"

"It seems—it seems——"

"Out with it, churl!" Raimon of Castel-Rossilon leaned forward in his ebony chair, gripping the arms thereof until his knuckles whitened.

"It seems, lord, I heard some talk of such a one at—at——"

"Where? God's blood! Out with it! The black curse on thee and thy mazed wits! Where was it thou heardst news of my—my friend?"

"At old Barcelona, sire, an I mistake not, down by the sea. Folk said he was taking ship for Algiers, to the end that he might—might——"

"Might *what*, fool?"

"Might flee the anger of some count, or mayhap earl, and——"

"Go on!"

"*Aïlas!* lord, I cannot. But—let me think." Arnaut passed a lean hand over his banded eyes. "Thou seekest him still, lord?"

"Aye, to defend him from his enemies. Mayhap the Moors will cast him into servitude. I would have sheltered him *forever*, but now——"

"Sire, shall I sing to thee? 'Twill ease the pain of losing thus thy—friend."

"Thou sayest well. Sing!" Raimon sank back on the cushion of samite. "Sing now, but have a care; if thou singest ill thou shalt be roundly flogged I promise thee! If well, thou'lt be rewarded, knave!"

Then sang blind Arnaut of the broken heart, and so sweetly that at the story of the Thorns and the Cross tears dropped on Raimon's black beard. And when the song was done, Raimon swore a great oath that seldom had he heard music more to his taste (for he was a most Christian lord, as more than one mangled heretic had cause to know), and he gave orders that Arnaut should receive clothes and food and should stay at Castel-Rossilon so long as he was minded to. Whereat wise heads and envious tongues grew very busy.

III

Now on the next day, our troubadour being meetly clad, with clean linen bands given him for his eyes, he was bidden to attend the Lady Sorremonda in the State Chambers and there to sing of the holy wars, the Sepulcher, and the heathen bondage of Jerusalem. The lord and lady received

him with consideration, for Raimon deemed it wise to humor him until such time as he might learn more concerning Guillems. Many were present at his singing, and all listened as though each word had been of gold, for never had they heard so sweet a song. All were pleased and happy save only my lady; she wept, at last, and begged that she might withdraw. Dame Sansa, her tirewoman, went with her; they were not seen again that evening. And once more the busy tongues had cause to clack.

Arnaut had no further chance to sing, for on the next day tidings came that the English were making busy in Gascogne; martial words reechoed through Castel-Rossilon, and the troubadour was thrust aside. All was confusion, drills, councils, talk of arms and battle. Then, with the danger's passing, the lord's whim veered as the wind veers, and he busied himself with his new-bought gerfalcons from Carcas-sonne. So Arnaut was set in a corner; the guards found him tedious, with his holy songs, and yawned, gamed, drank, in their guard-room, indifferent to him; the maids and varlets chaffed each other; the peasant-folk brought in their *denrées*; all went on as before. And Arnaut, his welcome now worn threadbare, came to eat broken scraps and to sleep with the hounds. Sometimes a kick or a blow found his lean body. The scullions, making merry, set him to earn his food by such low tasks as he could compass, lacking sight. Thus he learned to know (as one greater than he sang after him) how bitter strangers' bread is to the mouth, how hard their stairs to climb.

There was only one who never tired of him, and that was Sorremonda. Often on those late January days, when afternoon was fading and the swallows wheeled twittering home by twos and threes to their nests under the turret eaves, the lady, sitting with her maids in the long gallery where the mullioned windows blurred the floor with a dim, party-colored light, would bid Arnaut attend and sing. Sometimes, as she bent thus over her embroidery-frame, half-questioning thoughts drifted through her mind, like clouds over a sunny upland meadow, passing and fading quickly; sometimes the tears were near to being shed. Now, rarely, she turned the troubadour's song toward ill-requited loves; now, at some mention of Barcelona and of Guillems, she paled, she drooped her head.



The Blind Stranger comes to Castel Rossillon

Her heart leaped in her breast like a hunted red deer's heart. The waiting-maids, who loved their mistress even as they hated their master, saw what they saw but locked their lips to silence.

Then came a time when Lord Raimon stayed abroad from home, raiding with his men toward the confines of Guyenne; he was gone three nights or four. And on one of those nights, as the Lady Sorremonda lay sleeping in her great carven bed, with its silver-work pillars and its tester of scarlet silk, listen! there sounded from the long gallery a singing, with music from a rote. The lady wakened, clutching at her heart.

Then, as she sat up in the bar of moonlight that streamed between the bed-curtains, her blue eyes widened half with fear, half with beatitude, for she heard one of the songs that Guillems used to sing:

*Us cavaliers si iazia
Ab la re que plus volia;
Soven baizan li ditzia
Doussa res, ieu que jarai?
Que'l iorns ve e la nueytz vai; Ail
Qu'ieu aug que li genta cria, Vial*

Sus! qu'ieu vey lo iorn venir, apres l'alba!

"Lady! My lady! What is this?" cried Dame Sansa, sitting up also in her bed. "This music at the door—what—?"

"Hush! Peace! Thou wert young once, thyself. I have been blind; I have been deaf; I have not known this messenger from him! A messenger to tell me——"

*Oh, rossinol el seu repaire,
Iras ma dompna vazer*

She listened till the music ceased and no sound followed. Then, at the memory of the song she used to hear in Cabestaing before her loveless marriage, the "daybreak song" of her poet-lover, long ago, she buried her face deep in the pillows. And all her longing, all her love, burst forth in tears.

IV

Lord Raimon and his men-at-arms came home to Castel-Rossilon on the morrow, bearing rich booty of Albigenian church-plate and other heretical gauds. Hints he heard, and sly remarks, whereat he grew dark of face and summoned the chamberlain and remained with him in private consultation; and afterward he ordered certain things, among them these: that the lady should be guarded strictly in her chamber, that Arnaut should not depart from Castel-Rossilon on pain of death for whomsoever should let him go. And he shut himself up in his tower-room for three days, so that the castle-folk were sore afraid.

But on the fourth day he issued out, smiling, and of good cheer, albeit his smile was not the smile of mirth. And he ordered a great wolf-hunt to be made. What was most strange, he bade Arnaut attend and hunt with him. The Lady Sorremonda he left in captivity. And this was on Candlemas day.

"It shall be noble game we kill, this hunt!" he swore with a great oath. "Thou must ride with us, singer of sweet songs!"

"Sire, I would gladly go; yet, being blind, how shall I see to ride through the forest?"

"How did Ladislas, the blind King of Bohemia, ride into battle? Thou knowest that story! By our Lady, no man at Rossilon shall miss the hunt or war for lack of eyes! I will be eyes to thee! Come, lad, to horse! I'll make a brave fellow of thee yet!"

So blind Arnaut had a horse and sword; and though he professed ignorance, yet by the way he reined and spurred, when the beast caracoled, everybody knew he had bestridden saddle-leather more than once. But one thing there was they did not know: that underneath his *bliaut* he wore a dagger,

grooved at the side, and in the groove dried curare-poison, whereof even a scratch is death inevitable.

Now listen, for what I tell is best told quickly. The chase was fast and long; Lord Raimon rode by the side of Arnaut, fending him from any hurt, urging on and on, far, fast, in search of the gray wolves. Two of the hounds coursed and pulled down within a league of Rossilon; Lord Raimon made the troubadour give the *coup de grâce*, telling him when to strike, and how. And after that, on and on again they rode, so fast, so far, that presently all were left behind, and the two men found themselves, at an hour or so of noon, alone together (save for the hounds) in an oak-wood, where the ground was free from undergrowth and all carpeted with dry leaves.

Here the count drew rein, drew his hunting-knife and slit the linen bandage, which he tore from Arnaut's eyes.

"Down! Get thee down, Guillems de Cabestaing," quoth he, "for I would speak to thee concerning matters of import!"

"Not more so to thee than to me, Raimon!" answered the poet-lover. "This seems a fit place to disclose what lies nearest the heart."

The two dismounted; their horses wandered with loose rein, pawing the oak-leaves.

Then spoke Guillems: "Raimon de Castel-Rossilon, why did I flee from the ignoble death thou didst plot against me? Was I afraid to die for love? No, not that! Why have I gone cold, and hungered, in rags? Why have I, the well-born, slept on rushes amid the hounds, suffered kicks, banded out the light of day from my eyes? Frankly, Raimon, to take away from thee that Golden Lady who by every law of love is not thine but mine. Now thou dost know the truth with well-doubled assurance!"

Raimon answered nothing; Guillems went on: "Another day and she had been mine—we had been away over the mountains, where even *thou* couldst not have found us. But the fates willed otherwise; wherefore now I, of good birth and well experienced in arms, give thee the gage of battle, Raimon!"

The count handled the hilt of his double-edged sword and licked his lips, which showed thin and red through his black beard. Arnaut grasped his wolf-sword strongly in his right hand, and with the



The Lady Sorremonda eats of the Heart

other drew forth from his belt the dagger whereof the touch was death. Then Raimon spoke:

"I waste no words on such as thou, Guillems, woman's man and song-sniveling mummer that thou art. No battle will I give thee, but the dog's death which best befiteth——"

Guillems leaped, whirling his sword, and wounded Raimon sorely where the neck joins closest to the body; he struck also with the dagger, but Raimon, slashing with his blade, all but severed Guillems's left hand. Guillems struck again, like the lightning bolt, but Raimon parried the blow, cursing.

"Now may I die twice if I end this not!" he roared, and dealt blows like hail. Guillems sought to turn them; but his sword snapped, sheared through by Raimon's steel, which reft him of life suddenly. And as he fell upon the oak-leaves he gasped, "Mine, mine, even in death, O Golden Lady!" Then he died, and all the poets of paradise welcomed his soul.

V

And that night Lord Raimon bade the steward roast a red deer's heart (as he said), roast it and spice it well, and serve it to him

and the Lady Sorremonda in the State Chambers, where the swinging cressets blazed.

When the lady, pale and distraught for fear of evil, had eaten somewhat of the heart, Raimon leaned toward her, at table, and asked with a smile,

"Sabez vos que vos avelz manjar?"

"Nay, my lord," she answered, "save that it is right good meat and well flavored."

"Listen, then," said he, "for what thou hast eaten certainly is the heart of Guillemes de Cabestaing, whose soul now burneth in hell!"

The lady's eyes grew wild, and her face became as the snows on the mountains of Andorra. Of a sudden she wavered, then fell forward on the table; and when Dame Sansa would have raised her up, Raimon, cursing, dragged the tirewoman aside and flung her into a corner. None other dared stir or speak.

Presently life came back to Sorremonda, and she opened her eyes. Her lips moved, she prayed. They heard her breathe, "*Amar e estre amata, non sai ni vuell plus ioia!*"—"I neither know nor wish more joy than to love and to be loved!" And Raimon still watched her, the fiend-smile on his lips.

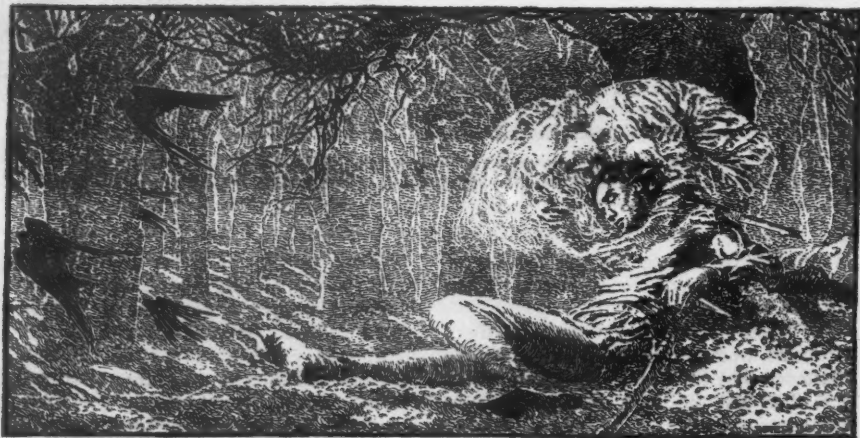
After a time the lady stood up weakly, and said, with trembling, to her lord, in a voice that was no voice, coming already as from beyond the grave,

"Lord Raimon, verily you have this day given me such good food that I shall nevermore eat any other!"

And Raimon sprang to her with blasphemies; he would have stabbed her with his hunting-knife, but that she laughed a blood-freezing laugh, fled from the count, ran out onto the high balcony on the walls (evading every hand), and with no look behind leaped out into the night.

Castel-Rossilon is fallen; weeds and ivy choke its courtyard; its lords and ladies, its courtiers and men-at-arms, are dust. Yet in the country of Provence the story lives of Arnaut and the Golden Lady. Love made them one, in death. The nightingale sings over their graves.

*Rossinhol el seu repaire
Iras ma dompna vezer,
E diguas l'l meu aiaire
Et ill digua't del seu ver,
E man sai
Com estai . . .*



Love made them one, in Death



Youth and Young Manhood

By Mary Baker G. Eddy

Editor's Note.—The *Cosmopolitan* presents this month to its readers a facsimile of an article sent to us by Mrs. Eddy, with the corrections on the manuscript reproduced in her own handwriting. Not only Mrs. Eddy's own devoted followers, but the public generally, will be interested in this communication from the extraordinary woman who, nearly eighty-seven years of age, plays so great a part in the world and leads with such conspicuous success her very great following.

Our readers will understand that in reproducing the two pages of Mrs. Eddy's typewritten manuscript it was necessary to reduce the size of each page to suit the dimensions of the magazine. This entailed reduction in the size of Mrs. Eddy's writing, her interlineations and signature.

Mrs. Eddy writes very rarely for any publications outside of the *Christian Science* periodicals, and our readers will be interested in this presentation of the thought of a mind that has had so much influence on this generation.

The *Cosmopolitan* gives no editorial endorsement to the teachings of *Christian Science*, it has no religious opinions or predilections to put before its readers. This manuscript is presented simply as an interesting and remarkable proof of Mrs. Eddy's ability in old age to vindicate in her own person the value of her teachings.

Certainly, *Christian Scientists* enthusiastic in their belief are fortunate in being able to point to a leader far beyond the allotted years of man, emerging triumphantly from all attacks upon her, and guiding with remarkable skill, determination and energy a very great organization that covers practically the civilized world.

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Youth and Young Manhood

---oOo---

King David, the Hebrew bard sang, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

I for one accept his wise deduction, his ultimate spiritual sense of thinking, feeling, and acting, *and its reward.* This sense of rightness acquired by experience, and wisdom should be early presented to youth and to manhood in order to forewarn and forearm humanity.

The ultimatum of life here and hereafter is utterly apart from a material or personal sense of pleasure, pain, joy, sorrow. *The truth of life is* life and death. Life in truth is a scientific knowledge that is portentous; and is won only by the spiritual understanding of Life as God, good, everpresent good, and therefore life eternal.

You will agree with me that the material body is mortal, but Soul is immortal; also that the five personal senses are perishable, they lapse and relapse, come and go until at length

-2-

they are consigned to dust. But say you, "Man awakes from the dream of death in possession of the five personal senses, does he not?" Yes, because death ~~does not~~ alone does not awaken man in God's image and likeness. The divine Science of Life alone gives the true sense of life and of righteousness, and demonstrates the Principle of life eternal; even the Life that is Soul apart from the so-called life of matter or the material senses.

Death alone does ^{not} ~~not~~ absolve man from a false material sense of life, but goodness, holiness and love do this and so consume — ate man's being, with the harmony of Heaven; the omnipotence, omnipresence, and omniscience of Life, — even its all-power, ^{presence} all-potency, all-science.

Dear reader, right thinking, right feeling and right acting — honesty, purity, unselfishness — in youth tend to success, intellectuality, and happiness in manhood. To begin right ^{en} enables one to end right ^{ly} and thus it is that one achieves the Science of ^{Life} Life, demonstrates health, holiness and immortality.

Mary Baker G. Eddy

The Domestic Protectorate of Missis Bill

A New "Wolfville" Story

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton

WITH us her name is always 'Missis Bill,'" observed the Old Cattleman, his manner betraying a respect so deep it trenched on reverence, "while his is 'Cash Box Billy.' As a household, they don't remain long enough to get reelly rooted among us none, seein' they're promoted by the express company, inside of six months, to a p'sition twice as good some'ers up about the Dalls. At that their stay is s'fficient so we always recalls Cash Box with feelin's of friendly regyard, while, as to Missis Bill, we never hears that matron's name without takin' off our hats.

"Which the conjoogal example of that remark'ble pa'r becomes a never-flaggin' argyooment in the mouth of Missis Rucker, on them occasions she engages in j'int deebate with Peets an' mebbly Texas, touchin' the blessin's to flow from lady soopremacy in the fam'ly that a-way.

"'Matrimonyal success,' says Missis Rucker, 'is to be secoored only when the wife's onchecked head of the house. Her motives is purer, her intellects is stronger, her nacher is cleaner strain, an', besides, she's got more sense.' Sayin' which, Missis Rucker commonly falls back on Missis Bill an' Cash Box, as beyond cavil establishin' her claims.

"Shore, sech dispoootations is common; for Texas feels plenty deep as to wedlock, him havin' suffered, while Peets likes to do it for relaxation. As to Missis Rucker, I figgers sometimes her conscience pricks her concernin' the treatment she metes out to Rucker, an' it's to jestify herse'f to herse'f, more'n anything else, she indulges in them discussions. Now an' then Boggs, who's easy moved, gets excited an' onloads a few blurred views. Nacher'ly, they don't

count none, bein' nothin' more'n a rehash of what Peets already utters, Boggs holdin'—an' rightful—that Peets is the intellectchoal colossus of the Southwest.

"Them bickers is a heap edifyin'; an' for myself, while I'm never that courageous I takes part tharin, I likes to set an' listen. Speakin' gen'ral, they comes off at chuck time, acrost the table at the O. K. House, Missis Rucker feedin' freequent along with us, an' it's shore entertainin'; after she evolves some speshul reason provin' how the best of husbands is mere six-spots in the marital deck that a-way, seldom high or low an' never jack nor game, to see her turn on Rucker—who's waitin' on the outfit—an' say,

"'You go round up some rice-puddin', an' see that them Mexicans in the kitchen don't hold out none on the raisins neither!'

"Rucker'll be glowerin' like a indignant badger behind Missis Rucker's back, but you bet he don't let her ketch him at it. She's got him that redooced all he dar's say is 'Yes'm' mighty tame an' obedient as he vamoses in quest of them viands.

"Why don't I never take no sides? What's the good of me gettin' all chawed up over ishoos which, from my standp'int—me bein' absolootely onmarried—is wholly academic? Not but what I has opinions; for I holds then as I holds now that a household don't necessarily mean a tandem, an' thar's sech a thing in nacher as husband an' wife travelin' abreast. Still, I ain't so simple as to go expressin' these yere beliefs. Which Missis Rucker an' Peets an' Texas that a-way, their blood bein' up, would make me look like a hen partridge at a mass meetin' of minks!

"'You onderstands,' Texas 'd say, 'I

don't counsel no gent to wed, speshully when the lady's bent on bein' range boss for the outfit. Still, if a gent's that perverse, he might jest as well shet his eyes an' go it blind. He can gamble, no matter who he marries, he'll wake up some off mornin' an' find she's some 'one else. Do you-all reckon,' he goes on, gettin' excited an' backin' up on his own pers'nal injuries, 'do you-all reckon my Laredo wife acts prior like she does later on? Well, I should shore say not!'

"Whatever does she do, Texas?" asks Faro Nell, who's plenty inquisitive.

"Whatever does she do?" repeats Texas. 'Nell, before I espouses that lady, butter 'd freeze in her mouth. Turtle-doves is hen-hawks by compar'son. Two weeks after, she goes hectorin' round about ten thousand dollars I has cached in the bank. She weeps night an' day, an' allows through her tears that it ought to be in both our names; then if I blinks out inadvertent, she protects herse'f, her check bein' good.'

"An' whatever is your reply?" asks Nell.

"What would any bliss-locoed maverick reply?" returns Texas, mighty sore. 'Which I'm that foolish I yields. An', Nell, the next mornin' after I puts that treasure in both our names, she trapes down to the bank, draws out the entire roll, an' slaps it into another bank to her own sole use an' behoof, barrin' me complete.'

"An' then?" Boggs breaks in, Texas pausin' to uplift himse'f mod'rate with a calabash of Old Jordan.

"An' then?" repeats Texas, full of scorn. 'Thar ain't no then! When I goes pirootin' round to that money institootion, aimin' to lay b'ar her perfidy an' recover my rights, the cashier turns hostile at me from inside his brass cage, an' whangs away with a six-shooter, allowin' I'm out to rob the safe.'

"An' don't your wife offer no explanations?" pursos Nell.

"Shore! She's like Missis Rucker, an' defends her game on the ground she's got more sense than me.'

"Moreover," interjecks Missis Rucker, smoothin' down her skirts plumb satisfied, 'while it's no part of the O. K. Restauraw's economy to go round harassin' the boarders without doo cause, an' although this yere Laredo lady's strange to me entire, it's my idee she proves it.'

"That ain't all," groans Texas, not heedin' Missis Rucker. 'After she cleans me up for my bundle, she gives it out that onless I'm 'round home more evenin's she'll sequesterate my clothes. Tharupon I reesolves to beat her to it. I throws my duds into a big chest, puts on a padlock, an' hides the key. Gents, it never bothers her a bit! She simply claps on another padlock alongside of mine, an' in one move has me out on a desolate limb. After sech heartless exploits, do you-all wonder how, matrimonyal, I'm plumb ready to pack in? Why, I welcomes that divorce decree, same as a lifer down at Huntsville does a pardon!'

"The trouble, Texas," says Enright, his tones gentle, him feelin' sorry for Texas, 'the trouble is you're too plumb old when she ties you down. Husbands, to get best results, must be caught young.'

"Old!" exclaims Texas. 'Why, I'm only forty-one when I'm entrapped.'

"Which is twenty years too late," persists Enright. 'Take a youth of twenty-one, an' saw him off on some lady not otherwise engaged, an' it's odds on thar's no more trouble to come of it than between a kitten an' a warm brick. At twenty-one, hooman nacher is like wet buckskin, an' stretches or shrinks as occasion reequires.'

"But to hark back. Cash Box Billy is the money-gent for the express company. Thar's two people at the express office, Cash Box an' a darklin' party whose name is Andy Ball. Because this latter sport's the color of a Mexican, with black eyes an' black ha'r, an' has besides a sort o' midnight manner, we calls him, indiscrim'nate, 'Black Andy,' an' 'Black Ball,' Boggs favorin' the latter, him claimin' that the sight of Ball makes him feel like a loser.

"Black Ball bein' single that a-way, don't have no wife, while Cash Box is a married gent of thirty years' standin', bein' acquired by Missis Bill at the age which Enright recommends. Him an' Black Ball takes charge of the express office in yoonison, the company shiftin' the coyotes who's been holdin' down the play, to sityooations East.

"When Cash Box comes romancin' along, we nacher'ly looks him over plumb severe. An' for good an' s'fficient reasons, we usin' the express company same as if it's a bank. It's thar we mows away our sooperfluous money, said riches—Cherokee keepin' his bank-roll thar, same as the

balance of us—commonly 'mountin' to as good as eighty thousand dollars.

"The express company tucks this yere treasure away in a little old steel box inside the big safe, Cash Box packin' the only key. Bein' he's the party, tharfore, app'inted to ride herd on our wealth, an' sech mir'cles havin' been heard of as the gent thus distinguished evaporatin' with the wealth committed to his charge, we-all regyards Cash Box mighty intent, when he first blows in, strivin' to get a line on what resks we're up ag'inst. Which the more we considers Cash Box the more secoure we begins to feel. One look into that honest easy-goin' face of his stampedes every doubt.

"The same can't be uttered none concernin' Black Ball. In spite of him bein' soft-voiced an affable, he's that sinister as to set you reachin' for a copper every time circumstances compels you to place a bet on him. Don't you ever notice that in folks, son? Thar's people you trusts at the drop of the hat; thar's others from whom your s'picious never lifts their eyes. Explain it? When I do I'll explain why you makes a pet of sheep-dogs an' not of snakes. Every gent in camp breathes freer when we learns how Black Ball ain't goin' to be tangled up, pers'nal, with our *dinero*. Which we'd sooner have took chances on totin' it in our boots.

"Black Ball's dead now, an' it shore don't become me to go speakin' ill of any gent over whom the grass is wavin', but between us, before Black Ball goes with the express company he's a lawyer at the Noo York bar. However, he's took the big dark jump, so let it slide; thar's no use rakin' up a on-forchoonate past. He shore quits bein' a Noo York lawyer a whole lot before ever we meets up with him, an' who shall say he ain't actchoated of repentance an' a impulse to reform? Notwithstandin' he's out for the camp's bundle, when bumped off by Missis Bill, I sees no reason to deprive him of this yere doubt.

"Cash Box is bald an' five feet tall, an' his face is as round an' open an' easily understood as a bull's-eye watch. What he lacks in physical elevation he makes up in breadth an' depth, an' if he was to get knocked over once, he wouldn't fall, he'd roll. Besides, he's as bland an' even-tempered as a Joone night, an' no more thinks of donnin' airs or puttin' on dog than a bunch of voylets.

"Missis Bill don't look no more like

Cash Box than a queen of clubs. She's a head taller, raw-boned, onstinted as to hands an' feet, a jaw like the rock of ages, an' thin wispy ha'r all streaked of gray. She's had the smallpox, too, an' shows it; an' some'ers along the trail she's gone shy a eye. All told, thar's reason for assoomin' with Jack Moore that Cash Box, when he resolves to wed her, comes to sech conclusion by candle-light.

"An' yet, thar's somethin' mighty good an' reefreshin' about Missis Bill. That one optic of hers burns an' beams with a steady gen'rous gleam that's shore fed from the heart direct. Every soul in the outfit likes Missis Bill; an' as for little Enright Peets, that infant nacher'ly dotes on her. An' well that blessed baby may! She stuffs him with sweetmeats an' del'cacies to that degree he grows ten pounds heavier in two weeks, an' alarms the camp. Peets has to give him drugs.

"Most of all, Missis Bill looks after Cash Box. She not only directs but she transacts his dest'nies, an' is to him in all things owner, mother, wife, an' slave. He w'ars what she says, eats what she provides, sleeps when she tells him to, gets up when she calls, an' daylight or dark, sunup or sundown, lives an' breathes an' comes an' goes by her decrees.

"An' Cash Box likes it. Talk of infatchoations; why, Cash Box is simply wropped up in Missis Bill! That lady's his religion!

"Ain't Missis Bill the limit?' he says one day, joyful to the edge of eediocy; 'ain't she the mother of all flowers?'

"Right you be, Cash Box,' Faro Nell replies, for Nell's pleased at him thinkin' so much of Missis Bill. 'She's everything you says. Ain't Missis Bill plumb lovely, Cherokee?'

"Missis Bill's a green tree an' a fountain,' Cherokee returns; 'she's shore the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'

"Thar's folks,' goes on Cash Box, who's encouraged by Nell's enthoosiasm an' Cherokee backin' her play, 'who laughs, an' allows I'm henpecked. Do I give 'em a argyooment at sech times? Never! Which I'm merely proud. I glories to be pecked by sech a hen.'

"An' see how she takes care of you!' exclaims Nell. 'If you're her own infant child, you couldn't be in stronger than you be.'

"That's whatever!" says Cash Box; 'that's what I weds her for—to be took care of. Before I hooks up with that one-eyed angel, I'm crawlin' out o' one hole only to fall into another twict as deep. Life's made up of them holes. Since she takes charge of me, I've been campin' on the high ground an' livin' on the fat. Whyever shouldn't I mind her smokes? Missis Bill's forgot more'n I know. She saveys more in a minute than sech tarrapins as me does in a month of Sundays. Some folks takes out insurance pol'cies; I takes out a marriage license, an' yoonites with Missis Bill. That's me—that's cunnin' old Cash Box every time!"

"Which Cash Box," exclaims Boggs, who's emotional an' gets freequent swept away, 'which Cash Box is certainly the finest little fat man whose trail I ever cuts!"

"You bet your guns I be!" replies Cash Box. 'Also, a pet fox is foolish alongside of me. An' all, onderstand me, by virchoo of Missis Bill. When I'm with her, I walks by the light of her glance; when I'm away, I feels she's thar jest the same, like the stars at noon, invis'ble mebbly, but shinin' on serene an' white an' steady. Oh, I knows my business; thar ain't a moment I don't go needin' Missis Bill. Shore, I'm strong like a hoss; but I reequires Missis Bill to hitch me up an' drive me, before ever I can haul a load. I'm the same as a steel spring; I has to be pressed down in order to exert my strength, an' Missis Bill's that pressure. An' lib'ral! She ain't no one to go muzzlin' the ox when he treadeth out the corn. Not much! When her an' me's discussin' rum, I ups an' says: "Old lady, how about me quilin' 'round four libations of a evenin'?" Don't you reckon four is plenty?" Missis Bill ponders some, an' shakes her head. "Make it five, Cash Box," she says; "thar's luck in odd numbers, an' that fifth hooker won't never down you." As for Fourth of Jooly an' Christmas, at sech seasons she takes my hobbles off an' throws me loose, free to become as scand'lous as I likes."

"Thar's no doubt about it," coincides Boggs, mighty fervent; 'Missis Bill has got the right idee!"

"What amoooses me," continyoos Cash Box, who's thar with the goods about Missis Bill as long as folks 'll listen, 'what amoooses me is how some people expects I'm goin' to

be ashamed because I'm run by Missis Bill. Why, it's my boast, my one best bet. Once thar's a editor person who waxes facetious about it, an' prints in his paper,

"C—h B—x is a careful bird,
He won't so much as cheep,
Nor ever dare to breathe a word,
Except his wife's asleep."

"Do I grow weary or sore? On the contrary I seeks out that son of the muses, an' offers ten dollars a stanza for more, an' go as far as he likes."

"It's about fifth drink-time in the evenin' when Cash Box onloads the last, an'—the same bein' her custom constant—Missis Bill floats by the Red Light door. It's the reg'lar signal; Cash Box upends his glass, an' meanders forth. An' so, side by side, they p'int away into the dark for their one-story wickiup out on the edge of town, Missis Bill holdin' 'fectionately by Cash Box's arm, an' him skurce up to her shoulder.

"Look at 'em," exclaims Peets, full of admiration; 'look at 'em, Sam! Which they've got Paul an' Virginny backed plumb off the pampas!"

"They certainly be calk'lated," returns Enright, 'to excite envy in single folks. I should say that the mootual love of Missis Bill an' Cash Box is as fenceless as eternity; which last, ontill their day, is the one thing whereof it might be said, deefyin' aphorisms, the half is as great as the whole."

"Missis Bill is born in Texas, an', let me say in passin', Texas is a mighty turgid commonwealth. Also, while she's roast apples an' cream towards Cash Box an' the rest of us, she fully jestifies that Lone Star em'nation. She can protect herse'f as well as Cash Box, saveys a six-shooter as complete as ever she saveys a needle, an' shoots as fine as she sews. One mornin' a rapid-fire foosillade breaks out over back of the Cash Box shack. Thar ain't a gent in camp could have shook them loads out quicker, not even Cherokee.

"It's all right," says Texas, comin' up; 'it's only Missis Bill. She opens on a rattlesnake, who's pitched camp on her doorstep, an' she shore does bust him up a whole lot! That fool reptile's in pieces before ever he c'lects his wits. She's certainly some nimble with a Colt's 45, is Missis Bill. It looks like she not only w'ars the trousers, but packs the gun."

"Like everybody else in town, unless it's

Cash Box, Missis Bill ain't got no use for Black Ball. Cash Box himse'f is sort o' fond of Black Ball. Of course this yere leanin' on the part of Cash Box don't mean nothin', him 'bein' that egregiously sunny he's fond of everybody—fond of Mexicans—fond even of Rucker. An' he does his best to indooce Missis Bill to stand for Black Ball; but no, it ain't in the deck. She can't bring herse'f to even tol'rate him.

"An' why not?" asks Cash Box. "Tell me, so I won't like him none myse'f."

"No," returns Missis Bill, "thar's no sense in doin' that. You go on likin' him; I'd like to like him, but I can't. Somehow thar's that about him which reminds one powerful of Davy Crockett's log, which stick of timber is that crooked it can't lay still. An' yet, Cash Box, I don't hold this yere Black Ball reesponsible for my feelin' averse to him. I reckons he can't no more he'p bein' dislikable that a-way than I can he'p dislikin' him. Only, Cash Box," concluds Missis Bill, "don't trust him—don't take a chance on him."

"An' nacher'ly, sech bein' his habit, Cash Box allows he won't. 'You knows me, Missis Bill,' he says; 'you're onto the lovin' curves of your little Cash Box. You speaks, I jumps; that's my system. Also, it goes either way, an' black is white or chalk is cheese accordin' as you says."

"Wharupon Missis Bill bestows upon Cash Box one of them looks that means pie three times a day, an', after kissin' her so it sounds like a pony's foot in the mud, Cash Box goes pirootin' off to the express office on the trail of them daily dooties. An' yet all that bluff about him not trustin' Black Ball is, so far as Cash Box is concerned, a waste of words, as none is onto better than Missis Bill herse'f. Cash Box don't know what the word 's'picion' means, he's born that blind. Which he's that confidin' he'd set a rattlesnake to dry-nuss a baby jack-rabbit, an' then be plumb puzzled because the little rab seems absent later on.

"What with Black Ball bein' by nacher secret, an' us not interested in him nohow, thar ain't a sport in camp who's got the slightest line on him. He works an' he eats an' he rolls into his blankets nights, an' that's about as far as our knowledge goes. For example, that Black Ball's the most locoed hoo-man bein' to gamble who ever figgers in the social life of southwest Arizona. But it never breaks on us until it

devellops subsequent at the hearin', which, for the looks of things, preceeds the obsequies. The information, when it does come, fills us with as much amazement as a milk-crock from a high shelf.

"Still, our ignorance ain't hard to onderstand, since Black Ball is plenty heedful not to do his kyard-playin' in either Wolfville or yet Red Dog. He's mighty seldom in the Red Light, an' never sets in ag'inst Cherokee's bank. Not but what if he does he'd be as much in fash'nable line as a nigger in Timbuctoo. But he don't none; an' since no gent of refinements, an' I might add proodence, goes 'round askin' questions, it never dawns on us that them three or four days each month he puts in over in Tucson he devotes to kyard-specyoolation entire.

"Sech, however, is the interestin' case; an' we hears later at the Oriental S'loon that, show Black Ball a faro layout an' endow him with a hatful of chips, he goes plumb wild an' cimarron. They plays a liberal game in Tucson, two hundred on doubles an' a hundred on the turn, an' yet, once he gets to goin', sech limits is irksome to him. He whines an' pleads for greater latitoo-de, an' when it's granted he'll bet 'em higher than a cat's back.

"No gent ever arises to su'gest that Black Ball gets crooked action dooin' them gamblin' fits of his. Moreover, on the first two occasions he cuts loose, his luck is that profoose he fairly wins the kyarpets off the floor. His profits run into thousands. As freequent occurs, however, Black Ball's luck don't hold out; at mebbby the third settin' he plays in not only all he's ahead, but goes dead broke besides. Worse, when he does shove back, thar's markers waitin' to the toone of thirty-seven hundred dollars.

"Black Ball explains to the dealer that he'll send over the thirty-seven hundred by the next stage, an', Wolfville credit bein' considerable above timber-line in Tucson, the sport back of the deal-box offers no demur. An' Black Ball keeps his word; although he does it, accordin' as Cash Box tabs up the racket followin' the foonerat, at Boggs's expense.

"Boggs, it seems, wanders in at noon, when Cash Box himse'f is gorgin' on Missis Bill's midday feed, an' leaves five thousand to go into the company's steel coffers that a-way. Boggs gives it to Black Ball, who's

the only gent in sight, an' he's to turn the bundle over to Cash Box when he drifts in from his chuck. But bein' he's in the hole for that thirty-seven hundred, the temptation's too much for Black Ball, an' he peels the sum off Boggs's roll, an' gives Cash Box only thirteen hundred. Shore, he ain't explainin' the deficiency to Cash Box, but lets on thirteen hundred is all Boggs deposits. Which if he had, it's a heap likely thar'd have come some stirrin' moments, Boggs hein' a prey to all sorts of rannikaboo impulses when he's been robbed. As it is, Cash Box receives the thirteen hundred, slings it into the steel box, clicks the key, enters it into his little book, an' stands innocently pat.

"Enright, when we returns from plantin' Black Ball among the 'llustrious dead on Boot Hill, gives the followin' as his theery of events:

"When Black Ball skins Dan's roll," says Enright, "for them thirty-seven hundred, he's honest enough an' intends to make good, regyardin' it as a cinch that Cash Box falls for his request to sign the note he aims to discount. After Missis Bill interferes, an' Cash Box don't sign no note, seein' he's in wrong about Dan's thirty-seven hundred, he reesolves to vamose with every splinter in the till, an' begin life afresh. Don't you reckon that's it, Doc?"

"Sech s'lotion," says Peets, "is shore a heap consistent."

"This yere's what takes place: Havin' despatched the thirty-seven hundred to the kyard-sharp in Tucson, Black Ball goes at Cash Box in a manner which for him is mighty genial. He intimates he's got his eye on a lady he's goin' to marry, an' requires five thousand dollars to back the play. 'At first,' says Black Ball, keepin' up a great air of glee, 'I shrinks back from becomin' a married man. You recalls that old bluff about the frogs, Cash Box, an' how, no matter how bad they wants water, they still refooses to jump into a well, because they can't get out none later on? That's the way with me; I'm held back by that frog view I takes of wedlock. It's me seein' you an' Missis Bill together does the trick, an' crystallizes my resoolotion a heap. She'll be mighty near as good a wife as yours, Cash Box; an' as for the note, said instrument's a mere matter of form that a-way."

"I thinks so, too," returns Cash Box,

sort o' meditative; 'only I'll go talk with Missis Bill.'

"Black Ball's hopes of Missis Bill ain't overbright, an' he gives Cash Box a argyooment, an' even deescends to taunt him some. He declar's that a gent who won't sign notes for deservin' friendly gents is that mean an' ornery if he owns a lake he wouldn't give a duck a drink. It's all one to Cash Box, obd'rate in his docility; he's certainly goin' to get the views of Missis Bill, he says.

"Well," concloods Black Ball, when he finds Cash Box immov'ble, 'we'll write it out, an' you can take it along an' show her it ain't no t'rantler.'

"So Black Ball writes out the note, payable to the Tucson bank, an' him an' Cash Box signs up. Then Cash Box goes weavin' over, an' submits the docyooment to Missis Bill. That lady reads it, takes the shears which hangs by a string from her belt, an' cuts off the signachoor of Cash Box.

"Carry Black Ball that," she says, givin' Cash Box the note ag'in, his own name bein' off; 'carry it back; it's his. Your name, which is yours, I'll keep.'

"Missis Bill's ag'in'st us," says Cash Box. 'She declar's that promises to pay money becomes as the worm that dieth not an' the fire which is not quenched, an' nacher'ly sech observations lets me plumb out.'

"Black Ball makes no reply, but bites away at his dark lip.

"This yere's at noon; an' while Black Ball an' Cash Box is foolin' an' fussin' over their express business dooin' the balance of the day, Black Ball ain't sayin' a word. As they're lockin' up for the night, he onbuckles a trifle.

"You saveys, Cash Box," he says, puttin' out his long, lean hand to shake, 'that I ain't got no feelin' ag'in'st you?'

"Shore!" says Cash Box, takin' Black Ball's hand.

"As they sep'rates, Black Ball comes round on his heel like he remembers somethin'. 'Oh!' he reemarks, 'I'm near overlookin' a bet. Let me have the key to the steel box; thar's a tangle in my books, an' I'll have to prance round a heap early to-mor'ry mornin' to straighten it out. Which I must go over the checks an' cash to do it.'

"Cash Box is that guileless he gives Black Ball the key to the steel box onhesitatin'. Black Ball knows the comb'nation to the

main door of the big safe, for it's thar he hives away his books. As for the office itse'f, both of 'em has door-keys.

"Eevents ondoubted would have worked out to Black Ball's satisfaction an' our loss, if it ain't that his designs strikes the on-expected an' glances off. They caroms on Missis Bill an' that lady's protectorate over Cash Box, a excellent feachure wharof is her ropin' onto Cash Box's keys every evenin', the instant he shows in the door. That partic'lar evenin', when Cash Box only offers her the big door-key, Missis Bill can't onderstand.

"Where's the little key to the steel box?" she asks.

"Cash Box explains. Missis Bill's face takes on a worry look, an' her one eye exhibits oneasiness. An' yet she don't like to go harrowin' Cash Box up.

"Only," she says, sort o' ponderin' the business, "I shore wisht you-all hadn't done it none."

"Yo tambien, now you says so," returns Cash Box. "Which it'll be all right, however. Black Ball wouldn't no more go minglin' with that cash, from crim'nal motives, than Old Monte 'd quit nose-paint. Thar ain't a chance."

"Cash Box is mighty confident, but somehow Missis Bill don't feel so shore.

"I can't go ask Black Ball for the key now," explains Cash Box, replyin' to the anxious look in Missis Bill's lone eye; "it'd be the same as sayin' he's a thief."

"Troo," assents Missis Bill, "it's too late now."

"Cash Box, who's out o' reach of worry only as he ketches it second hand from Missis Bill, lights his seegyar after supper, an' wanders down to the Red Light for his legitimate five drinks. Havin' absorbed 'em, he in doo time says *adios* to the assembled company, an' organizes for home.

"Late hours," says he, "don't do for married gents, speshully when they has wives like Missis Bill. Which I'd sooner be that lady's husband than draw the wages of a king."

"Don't it strike you, Cash Box," observes Peets, who likes to tease folks who seem el'gible tharunto, "don't it strike you-all as borderin' on the mirac'lous that sech a bein' as Missis Bill is caught travelin' in your company?"

"It shore does!" returns Cash Box, plenty stout. "Still, you finds some mighty bafflin' comb'nations in this yere life."

"It's one of the drawbacks to the possession of great intellects that the more mind a party has the more that party has on it. While Cash Box shets his eyes an' sleeps like a dead man, Missis Bill, who can't get her thoughts off Black Ball an' the key to the steel box, remains as wakeful as a owl. At last, as much to peacefy her own nerves as anything else, she gets up, dons a frock, wrops a shawl about her, adjusts her shaker, an' starts for the express office which is on the fringe of the camp.

"When former Missis Bill gets married, the nuptials is pulled off at the Four-J ranch. It's her pap, old Bill Blackburn, who owns the Four-J outfit. As she an' Cash Box goes arrangin' for the get-away to Hillsboro, where they aims to pass the honeymoon, old Blackburn approaches with tears in his eyes.

"My child," he says to Missis Bill, "on this yere solemn occasion let me, accordin' to the customs of our house, endow you-all with the Blackburn fam'ly jooels"; an' with that he passes Missis Bill his Colt's 45, cartridge-belt, holster, an' all.

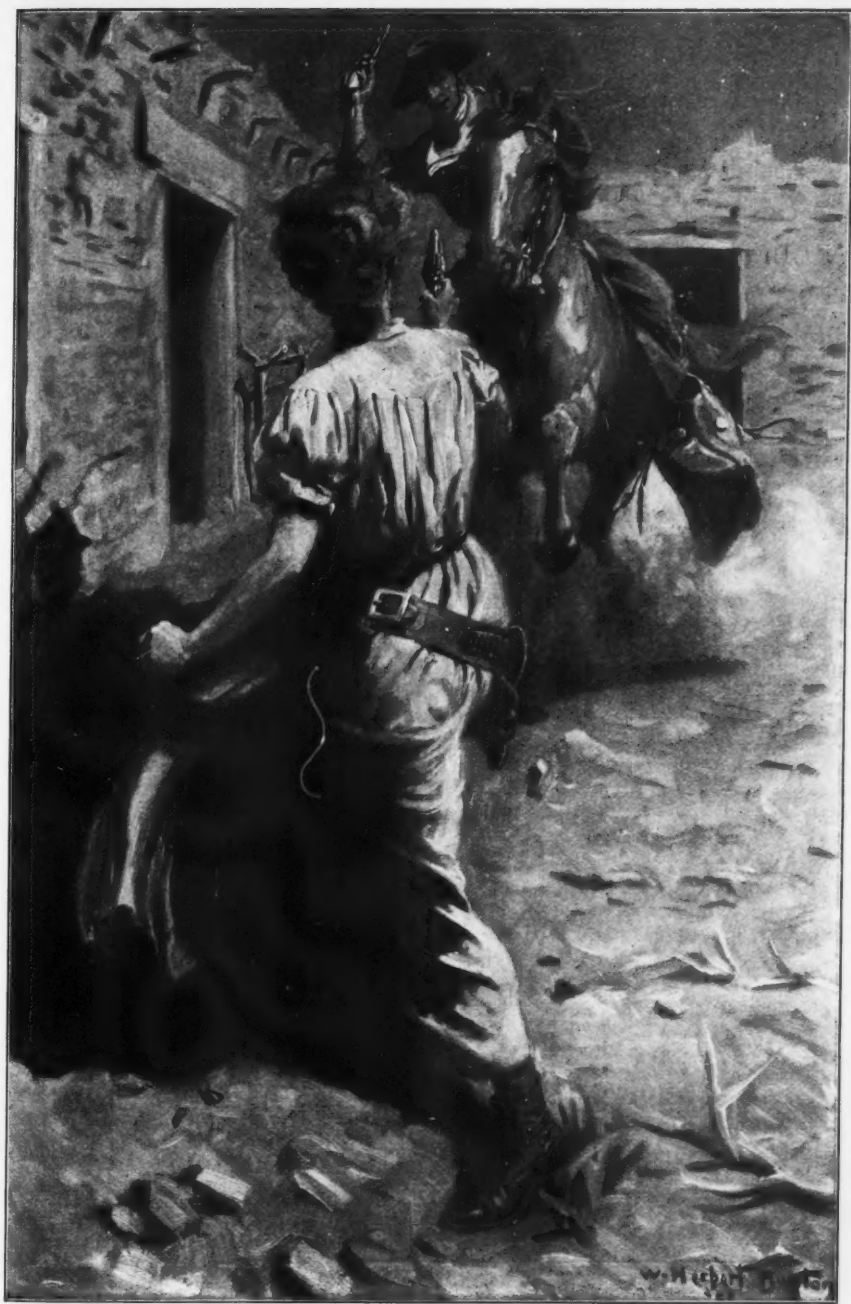
"As Missis Bill caparisons herse'f for that midnight trip to the express office, she buckles on the ancestral weepoon. It's the same she bombards the rattlesnake with, an' she's plumb familiar with it.

"Next to the express office is the corral; but thar's nobody thar, the Greasers who should bein' one an' all over in Chihuahua, wearin' out their moccasins at Santa Rosa's dance-hall, or losin' the coats off their improvdent backs at chuck-a-luck an' monte. As Missis Bill approaches the express office, she notes two things that sends her anxious heart into her mouth: the door to the express office is on the swing, while through the gloom an' shadows she makes out a party on a pony ridin' out of the corral.

"Without a plentiful genius for promptitood, life in Arizona is apt to slump off into failure, an' so troo is this that even the ladies gets plenty prone to be on time. Missis Bill, the instant she sees the open door an' the mustang gent in the shadows, reaches for old dad Blackburn's gun.

"Hands up!" says Missis Bill, as she works her six-shooter to the front, an' Jack Moore couldn't have give the call-down better.

"The answer is a shot from the party on the pony; then he drives home his spurs an' charges Missis Bill to ride her down.



"THE PARTY ON THE PONY DRIVES HOME HIS SPURS-AN' CHARGES MISSIS BILL
TO RIDE HER DOWN"

"The idee is good, all things considered, but it breaks down in the execootion. The Blackburn six-shooter cracks, an' the chargin' gent comes whirlin' out o' the saddle like a shot wild duck. He clears his feet from the stirrups, as he comes over the saddle-horn, an' the pony wheels an' runs back into the corral. Yes, it's Black Ball; an', since Missis Bill's bullet ketches him as squar' between the eyes as you-all could put your finger, it goes without sayin' that he's concloosively, not to add exhaustively, dead. That he comes off over the saddle-horn that a-way is enough of itse'f to show he's all in. When a gent's goin' to get well, he falls backward; when he's got his ticket plugged plumb center, he comes for'ard onto his face. Thar's mighty clost onto ninety thousand dollars on Black Ball, when Missis Bill stops him—the bank-roll of the entire camp.

"That incident of Black Ball," says Missis Bill a month later, when the express company offishuls asks her to name her rewards, 'that incident of Black Ball, gents,

has sort o' sp'iled the town for me; an', if you-all 'd jest as soon, I'd shore like to have you shift me an' Cash Box to some station further off.'

"Ain't Missis Bill the lion-hearted lady?" says Cash Box, as he comes down to the Red Light to say good-by the evenin' before him an' Missis Bill goes squanderin' off for the Dalls; 'ain't she the guardian angel of the broad an' sweepin' wing? Well, I should yell!'

"She's everything to be proud of, Cash Box," replies Enright. 'Also, thar's another matter. Nacher'ly, the boys feel some grateful to Missis Bill. They was goin' to give her a banquet; but upon reflection, rum not bein' her long suit, they reeluctantly puts the notion by. Tharfore, Cash Box, you give Missis Bill the best compliments of Wolfville, an' say that she'll find a silver tea-set, marked with her address, waitin' at your express company's joint in Tucson, said tea-set bein' a jo-darter, or old Sam Enright ain't no jedger.'"

The next "Wolfville" story will appear in the December issue.



Memory

By Leola Baird Leonard

I HAD a red rose once—a full-blown rose—
The fairest flower that in my garden grew.
I held it carelessly, nor dreamed that you
Longed for its fragrance. One by one I chose
To tear apart its petals and disclose
A mass of shattered loveliness to view.
My mere love of destruction never knew
What misery from idle pleasure flows!

With far less thought than when I tore the flower,
I threw away the gifts that Heaven gave.
Of little use is prayer now. I see
Too late the crime of many a wasted hour.
But still from that sad wreck one joy I save—
The one thing death must leave—a memory.



Obstinate Folk

By Rowland Thomas

Drawings by G. Patrick Nelson



Y wife insists that there are three good reasons why I should not write this story. In the first place, she says, people who do not know us won't understand, and will think her father nothing but a meddlesome old sailor with a taste for rhapsody and good whiskey, and will consider me a sentimental idiot. In the second place, she says, our acquaintances have already condemned our marriage without knowing anything about it, and there's no reason for reopening the discussion. Finally, she says, I can't write a good story anyway and therefore might far better write none, for, as the old proverb says, there's small choice in added eggs.

The part of Mollie's story and mine which I'm going to tell you, in spite of all she says, begins with a night when we were sitting on the big boulder out on the Point, gazing down the moon-path on the sea. Although the Fourth was in the throes of birth in the village above us, it was very peaceful down

there on the shore. The slow tide was lapping on the shingle, a tiny breeze was whispering in the cedars, and the great moon forgot her majesty and came close. She touched Mollie's cheek, and sent beams weaving in and out among the tendrils of her hair, and at last she kissed her on the tip of her little tilted Celtic nose. But she didn't touch me. Though I sat within—though I was sitting on the same boulder with Mollie, I was wrapped in the thickest kind of gloom.

"And there is no hope?" I said after a while.

"Hope?" said Mollie. "I thought hope sprang eternal?"

"You know," I said, "this morning I spoke to your father——"

"For the what'th time?" she queried. "You are persistent enough to be a Parker yourself."

"For the three hundred and sixty-seventh time," I answered. "I counted them up to-day. Once every morning of the last four summers, and seven times since I came down this year."

"And dad?" Her voice seemed choky.

"As always, explained patiently that he had promised you as a baby to be a sailor's wife. He also reminded me that no Parker ever gainsaid his spoken word."

"You are the funniest people, you and dad," Mollie cried, with quite unnecessary amusement. "He is so obstinate! If mother weren't a saint she'd have made him stop it long ago. I wonder if he'll tell you that every morning *this* summer; for I suppose you won't stop asking just because you've been refused? You're obstinate."

"He also introduced a bit of news," I went on, after Mollie had interrupted all she cared to. "He tells me you are to marry Georgie Stilphen after the winter's fishing."

The gray eyes opened wide. "Dad said that?" she asked. I never happened to see a piece of soft rosy-white granite with a dimple in it, but somehow Mollie's chin took on a look vaguely suggestive of some such thing. She gazed out over the dim water with unseeing eyes till that fickle maid Hope grew quite cheerful and lively within me.

"I am not an American girl," said Mollie at last. "We're Galway folk, if we are transplanted, and Galway folk are all alike." I looked at her with a new interest, if possible. If her statement is true, there will be an immense immigration of unconfirmed bachelors into Galway sooner or later. "I'll obey dad, of course," said Mollie slowly, "when he tells me not to do things, and I'll do what he asks, 'most always; but when he tells me to marry Georgie Stilphen or anyone else—" The dimpled chin grew a very rock in a weary land of doubt and fear. "Jackie," she said, speaking very softly and steadily, and gazing out to the rim of the sea, "I'll never marry anyone but you, if it will help any to know that."

Mollie would never say so much before. I had bent over to catch the low words, and now I bent farther still.

"Stop!" she chided gently. "I haven't promised that I'll marry *you*, but only that I'll marry no one else. And now we'll go home. We have been here much too long already."

The spasm of popping and cracking which had greeted the natal moments of the Glorious Day had grown very spasmodic indeed, not to say sporadic, as we passed down the long, straggling street. It was very

late—or early, if you choose—and the broken shells of the walk crunched loud under our feet. The earth was so cool and still and full of beauty, the moon shone so brightly on me now, that I was growing quite enthusiastic in their praises when Mollie stopped me.

"Hush!" she whispered. "There's dad on the steps."

One might have thought she was afraid, yet Captain Parker was not a figure to inspire terror, as he sat there with his pipe. Broad and bulky he was, to be sure, but the gray eyes under the bushy brows were as frank and kindly as those of his daughter, and the firm lines of his jaw were softened by a halo of snowy beard. As the captain spied us the mobile Irish mouth twisted into a smile.

"Mornin', children," he hailed us. "Coffee's 'most ready."

"Now, dad!" his daughter protested at the genial dryness of his tone, and brushed his forehead lightly with her lips.

The captain threw a huge arm over her slender shoulders and drew her down beside him. "Sit down, Jackie boy," he invited.

So we sat and looked out on the glassy cove and the black fishing-boats riding at their moorings, and away down the golden moon-path to the tumbling wastes of the Atlantic.

"Lord love us, it's a grand night," said the captain at last. "And now, lassie, it's your watch below."

Mollie rose at once. "Good night," she said, and left a great empty world behind her.

The captain did not seem to notice it. "Don't go, boy," he said comfortably. "That's right, fill your pipe and settle down. Lord love us, how can folk sleep a night like this!"

I added a wriggly black shadow to the captain's massive one. He was in his shirt-sleeves, to extract every last shiver of comfort from the dewy coolness of the night, and his face wore a beatific expression. I might almost say that he smiled pleasantly at the moon.

"It's come," he said at last, without lowering his eyes.

"It has come," I echoed uncomprehendingly, and also gazed aloft.

"The Fourth, I mean," remarked the captain, and I promptly restored my neck to its normal position. For a time the silence

was broken only by the guttering of the captain's pipe. Some time I shall buy him one of the self-bailing pipes I see advertised.

"For exactly three hundred and sixty-six days," he said suddenly, removing the pipe from his lips and knocking the ashes into his palm, "I have been waiting for this night." He rolled the red-hot dottle carelessly between thumb and hardened finger for a moment before he tossed it away.

My curiosity got the better of the veneer of maritime taciturnity which contact with the captain usually spreads over me. "Why?" I asked.

"Sh-h-h!" he responded, and glanced about us.

A pleasant shuddering air of mystery swept over the scene. As I peered into the shadows I felt quite the conspirator. I started guiltily as I saw something white looming behind me. It was only the rain-water-butt, of course, but it didn't look it. The depths of the nasturtium-bed held untold possibilities. The moon, peeping from behind a cloud, was pale as any ghost.

Then all at once I forgot the captain. Just above me was the dark square of a window, framed in the tangled foliage of a great crimson rambler. Mollie and I had planted the rose together the very first summer my father had brought me to the island. We were mere tots then. And season by season we had watched it grow, and now for many years the rose and the window it framed had flitted nightly through my dreams. As I looked I thought I made out a dim figure, like a lighter shadow, within the dusky square, and I forgot that I was a conspirator.

The captain soon recalled me. "Do you like whiskey, boy?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

I did not hesitate. I was ready for anything, from smuggling down, provided only that Mollie could watch my reckless daring from her window. "Some kinds," I said.

The captain peered about once more. Then he slipped off his boots. "Stay still," he commanded briefly, and stole off round the corner of the house.

I glanced quickly up at the window, and could have sworn that the leaves were stirred by the movement of a sudden retreat. I kissed my fingers at the roses. Mollie never said I mustn't do that. Then I resolutely turned my back on them and awaited the return of my accomplice.

Very cautiously he came toward me, planting his feet with laborious care. Suddenly he stopped and said something. The exclamation was not loud or elaborate, but it is unrepeatable ashore. When it was finished, the captain came on again, still silently, but with the limping noiselessness of a lame elephant.

"Those shells are—sharp," he growled. He sat down and touched his sole tenderly with an investigating finger. His lips relaxed in a smile. "That's what I get for being a boy at my age," he muttered as he drew on his boots. Then he pulled out a tiny flask.

"Mountain dew, the real thing," he whispered in shrill triumph, and held the flask up in the moonlight. "Clear as a bell, and mild as mothers' milk," he said. "The boys remember the old skipper yet. Lord love us, Jackie boy," said the captain, shaking the flask gently till the amber liquid beaded at the top, "Lord love us, but I like the stuff! Not much, mind you; but a drop now and then is a terrible comfort—after a night watch in winter, boy, when you're drying out by the cabin stove, or when you go on deck of a morning and the rail of the companion numbs your fingers and the damp settles away into your bones. Aye, a wee drop then would be a comfort. Drink ye, boy," said the captain, pulling out the stopper and handing the flask to me. "Drink ye"—he lapsed into the immemorial formula of his realm—"drink hearty, boy."

I turned as far as caution and courtesy would allow and tilted the tiny flask toward the window. "Here's how!" I said, and I'm not prepared to swear that I didn't hear the least little echo of laughter from above.

"Wisha, boy," cried the captain anxiously. "Not so loud. The little woman has quick ears. Many's the year, and the week, and the day I've wanted you," he said, patting the rescued flask. "But I wanted the little woman more," he added with his slow smile.

"The little woman's not like me, Jackie boy," he went on, more to himself than to me. "She's a Kinvarra lass, and the Kinvarra folk were ever hot-headed and obstinate, while the North Shore men are gentle and peace-loving, like me, Jackie."

I looked at the jaw above the snowy beard, and the deep-set eyes, and remembered the tales they still tell in Gloucester

of Michael Parker, "the Wild Irishman," and I smiled inside, for the "little woman" is the softest, sweetest old saint that ever wore a cap, a time-mellowed first edition of her daughter Mollie.

"While I was a-courting of her, boy," the captain said dreamily, "a Father Matthew comes wandering up from County Clare, preaching against the whiskey most intemperately. And she—you know what the women are, Jackie?"

I nodded up at the window accusingly.

"Aye," he went on, "she was fair wild over the priest. She said to me: 'You must sign the pledge, Michael Parker, before I'll marry you. I'll not be driven out into the snow by you, nor have my children crying for bread,' she said, remembering the twaddle of the priest-man. 'Lord love us, Peggy lass,' I said, 'it's a fine opinion you have of me if you want me to sign a pledge not to do things like that.' I'm a mild man, Jackie," the captain announced very firmly, "but that stirred me. 'I'm blamed if I sign the pledge for any man who tells those tales in Galway,' said I. 'Then 'tis good-by, Mister Parker,' said she, and walked away down the lane with her chin in the air, as obstinate a lass as ever looked like one of the wild roses of her own hills. Yes, Jackie boy," muttered the captain, his eyes growing soft with recollection, "a bonnie lass she was as she walked away from me. A bonnie, bonnie lass, to be sure.

"Well, it went on for a month, and two months, and six months, and a year. And every time I met her it was 'When will you marry me, Peggy dear?' and 'When you've signed the pledge, Michael Parker.' So it went for a whole long year, boy, she with the pink a-fading in her cheeks and me growing thin with the waiting, me who'd been as solid a lad as any on the shore o' Galway Bay. Yes, my heart was sick, but I couldn't be the plaything of a stray priest and his tales of the bog-trotting farmers of the South.

"I was near giving in to the obstinacy of the lass, though, when at last I met her one night in the lane, and the moon was bright—like to-night, only brighter—and 'Michael Parker,' she said, 'you're a bold man to play with the heart of a girl, and as obstinate a one as God ever made'—'tis ever the way of the women, boy, to charge their own faults to the men—but—' And then she looked up into my eyes, and her own were shining

like the moon up there, only brighter. 'Oh, Michael boy,' she said, half crying and half laughing, with her soft cheek against my rough old jersey. 'Take care, boy. You think you've won, but if e'er I catch you meddling with the whiskey I'll leave you if it breaks my heart. Blessed Mary hear me,' she said, looking up at me, 'I'll leave you, Michael. Don't forget.'

"I've not forgotten," said the captain, "not in all these years. It's forty-one now, and I've never touched a drop in all my trips. But one night in every year of all the forty-one I've sat on my own step and taken my wee sup with a friend. And in the morning I've told her, as I shall the morrow, 'Peggy lass, I had a sup last night.' And God save her to me to say for many a year to come: 'Take care, Michael boy. If ever I catch you at it I'll leave you.' And she would, God bless her," he muttered proudly. "'Tis from her Mollie takes her own stubbornness. There's none of it in me. I'm putty under the thumbs of them.

"But a man can't let himself be walked over by any Father Matthew from County Clare. So once a year, Jackie boy, I sign my declaration, as you say here. Lord love us," cried the captain to the flask, which he had been swinging with disgraceful carelessness all this while, "I'd fair forgotten you, running on about the old days. Here's to you," he said softly, and I knew he had forgotten me, "here's to you, the best and obstinatest little lass that ever stood a-looking out to sea and waiting for her man to come."

I thought I heard a faint stir, as of softly applauding hands, from the dark window. The captain whisked the flask into a convenient pocket. "Lord love us, Jackie," he whispered, "she'd leave me *that* quick! A woman will have her way if it breaks her heart. Now if I'd been an obstinate man there's no telling what might have come of Peggy and me. But from the first I've always let her have her own way. And Mollie, too. She's like her mother. But what's the odds? There's no use thrashing dead to wind'ard when you can make your mooring dry and easy with a long leg and a short one. Have you a match, boy?" asked the captain, rummaging his capacious pockets. "Never mind, here's one of my own.

"Now there's only two things I ever fair



"FORGIVE ME, JACKIE. I FAIR FORGOT WHAT I WAS SAYING"

set my mind on," he continued when his pipe was drawing sweetly. "One was that Father Matthew who came up into Galway, and the other was that all the children should lead the lives of their fathers and—please God—die the death, a man's death on the sea. There's few graves of Parkers beside the little church at home.

"Wirra me," the captain sighed, "my old hulk is bleaching on the beach, but the others—" The gray eyes glowed mistily, but the voice rang triumphant. "What better way could a man go, Jackie, than young Michael went—with the singing of the storm about him, down into the good green water, after all his crew were safe in the dories that were left? 'Hit her up, boys; there's no room for more. Hit her up, and take my dearest love to them at home.' That's what young Michael said. They came all the way down here to tell the old skipper that. Yes, our Michael was a man," said Mollie's father huskily.

He paused a moment before he went on. "There's James, not thirty yet, and only last winter it was he sent us a letter, on the company's paper, with the old crest at the top. Like this it read—we old folk don't forget such things, Jackie, 'The directors have the honor to congratulate Mr. James Parker on the coolness, daring, and seamanship which he displayed in the rescue of the crew of the bark *Helios* in mid-ocean.' Cool and brave and a seaman," the old man muttered. "That's James. And there's young Mark, only a boy, and as able a fisherman as goes out o' Gloucester. I couldn't ask for better sons. And we mustn't forget our baby," he cried, gazing up at her window. "It's in her blood, too. Did you happen to see us yesterday, Jackie, as we rounded the Point?"

I had seen them. The sloop was sailing on her rail, while Mollie's slender figure, perched high to windward, swooped over the foam like a white bird o' the sea, and the captain, in the cockpit, was hidden in boiling wash to the waist.

"There was a bit of breeze—nothing much, of course," the captain qualified hastily, cautious of seeming to boast now that he himself was concerned. "Still, these longshore lobstermen had in a couple of reefs, and I don't remember," said the captain modestly, "I don't remember seeing any other girls out with a whole mains'l, and a bit of a tops'l besides. Maybe you

noticed the sloop was dancing a bit? Yes, perhaps she was taking a drop over her lee rail now and then. Nothing much, of course; just spray, but I doubt if many girls could have held her just as she was then, in the chop off the Point. She's an able boat, and she was jolting Mollie's arms, I could see. Her hair was in her eyes, but she spied you up on the rocks. 'Flatten in that sheet a bit, crew,' she says. 'We'll give her a good full now; and if you dare to touch this tiller, crew, I'll let her fall off, and you'll soon know whether your daughter can swim.'

"Don't you tell the baby, boy," whispered the captain, "for she'd never forgive me. But when that sheet came in and the sloop felt the bite of it, I had to give her a finger—just one finger was all I dared, for she means what she says, does Mollie, like her mother—to the tiller, or it would have hove her overboard. She never noticed. 'Now she fills,' she sings out, with her eyes dancing. 'Take the tiller a minute, crew, I want to wave to poor Jackie ashore. We must show him we're not proud if we are sailors!' And up she stands on that slippery jumping overhang and waves to you till I pulled her down.

"Oh, it's in her," crooned the captain, "it's in the baby. She'll be a mother of sailors. She'll stand on the Point when it's blowing up a gale and the boats come running in before it, and the wind will blow her hair behind her, and her nails will cut into her palms with the watching when the flurries blacken on the swells. But her cheek will be red and her eyes will shine—" His voice had fallen into the strong monotone of a solemn chant. Suddenly he sobered. "God forgive me, boy," he cried penitently. "Forgive me, Jackie. I fair forgot what I was saying."

He smoked for a moment and then spoke very slowly. "I know what you'd say to me, boy. I know you love the lass, and I could be glad and proud you did. It must look to you both that I'm a hard old man. But as I've told you so many times, when each of the children was born we gave it to the sea, the little woman crying a bit, mayhap, though her voice was as steady as mine—a second christening it was. We're seafaring folk, boy, and I can't break my promised word. I can't do it," he said wistfully, "though it hurts that you and Mollie should think me hard.

"Look up at me, boy," he said. "Lord love us, you have a seaman's eye and a seaman's shoulders and the heart of one, I do believe. If only it was in your blood there's no lad I'd give her to as willingly as you. But now, even if there was no spoken word, I'd fear to do it. Not you, boy—I know you as I knew your father before you, and a clean, strong, honest man he was, though he never could learn to duck the boom when we put about. And likewise I'm not afraid of Mollie. But you belong to different worlds, and there are other people—don't swear, Jackie—who'd tell you you were mismated, and some day they might bring you sorrow.

"And there are others still to think about. There's something about the sea," he continued, "mayhap it's the clean wash of the spray or maybe the death that's waiting under every wave, but there's something about it that keeps a man's heart right, if it's right to start. Rough we may be, and wild at times, but we're men, and I never could rest in the grave, whether it's fifty fathoms down, as I pray, or up there on the hill, I never could rest easy while I knew a grand-child o' mine was in some big city. I'd be fearing he'd make some poor man sorry for his poverty, or some rich man proud of his riches. There's none o' that at sea, Jackie. I'd have no child of my blood a coward or a weakling or a shrewd, cunning whiffet, squeezing the sweat from the dollars. No, boy, it's in Mollie's blood, the sting of the spray and the surf, and the sweeping of the clean wind across the sea, and the joy of the fight we win till the last time comes. Her life is in that, Jackie. Don't you see, boy," he said almost pleadingly, "she'd fade away, cooped up in your big town?"

I was caught up on the swell of the captain's plea, and I saw again the slender, swaying figure poised on the stern of the leaping boat. I saw the long, sleepy reaches of placid coves, fringed with black

and pointed trees, and the heaving fields of the open sea. I heard the voices of the summer gales and the lipping of the summer tides. And along all the quiet beaches and the bold and pitiless coasts Mollie wandered—as the greatest of her grandfathers had done—a child of the sea, simple and strong and unafraid. And I had thought to take her from it to a world where we prattled of such things with little words and little tubes of color and mimic sounds!

"Don't you see, boy?" the captain begged again.

I did see, and in the bitterness of the realization I muttered half aloud, "And yet she said this very night she would marry no one but me."

The captain stared at me. "She said that?" he asked helplessly. "Mollie Parker said that? Tell me again. Just her very words."

"She said, 'Jackie, I'll never marry anyone but you.'"

Slowly the captain's eyes came down to mine. "Jackie," he muttered, "then—then I guess she won't," he said soberly, and rose. He gave my hand a mighty grip, and started for the house.

"You'll forgive us, captain?" I ventured.

He came back on me swiftly, and gave me one clap on the shoulder. "It's—it's all right, Jackie," he roared. "'Tis not your fault, anyway. When Mollie pipes, we men must dance. Only, Lord love us, son, let me have time to get used to it. Good night." And he was gone.

And as I turned to go my way something soft brushed my cheek and fell at my feet, dark against the white shells of the walk. I picked it up, and it was a crimson rose.

I didn't look up at the window—I couldn't then—but I went away with the rose—but never mind about that. I knew that some one else was to watch the night through along with me and a fantastically friendly moon. So naturally I put the rose—but never mind about *that*.



Theodore Roosevelt—By Himself

AN INTERESTING HUMAN DOCUMENT IN WHICH MR. ROOSEVELT, THEN IN THE NEW YORK STATE ASSEMBLY, TOLD OF HIS ANCESTRY AND HIS POLITICAL INTERESTS, AND DESCRIBED HIS FAVORITE RECREATIONS



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT
THE TIME THE ACCOMPANYING AUTOBIO-
GRAPHICAL SKETCH WAS WRITTEN



Albany, May 1st 1884

Dear Sir,

I do not know where you would find a sketch of my life. I will give you an outline myself. Do you wish me to send you a photograph of myself? Some are much worse than others. I will send you one if you wish.

I was born in New York, Oct 27th 1858; my father of old dutch knickerbocker stock; my mother was a ~~de~~ Georgian, descended from the revolutionary

Governor Bulloch. I graduated at Harvard in 1880; in college I did fairly in my studies, taking honors in Natural History and Political Economy; and was very fond of sparring, being champion light weight at one time. Have published sundry papers on ornithology, either on my trips to the north woods, or around my summer home on the wooded, broken shore of northern Long Island. I published also a "History of the Naval War of 1812".



with an account of the Battle of New Orleans", which is now a text book in several colleges, and has gone through three editions.

I married Miss Alice Lee of Boston ^{on leaving college} in 1880. My father died in 1878; my wife and mother died in February 1884. I have a little daughter living.

I ~~often~~ am very fond of both horse and rifle, and spend my summers either on the great plains ^{after buffalo and antelope} or in the northern woods, after deer and caribou.

am connected with various charitable organizations, such as the Childrens Aid Society, Orthopaedic Hospital, National Prison Association, and others, ⁱⁿ ~~with~~ which my father took a leading part.

I was elected to the Assembly from the 21st district of New York in the autumn of 1881; in 1882 I served on the committee on Cities. My chief work was ~~often~~ endeavouring to get Judge Watbrook impeached on the ground of malfeasance in office and collusion with Mr. Jay Gould, in connection with railroad litigation.

3



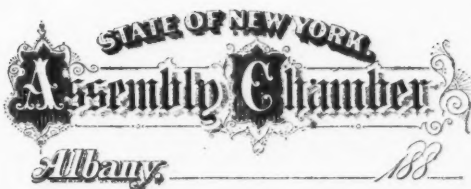
Albany

1883

~~was reelected and~~~~In 1883 the~~

Was reelected ~~and~~ in 1883,
 when the Republicans were
 in a minority was then
 candidate for speaker, thus
 becoming their titular
 leader on the floor. My
 main ^{speech} ~~work~~ was on the
 report of the ^{Democratic} Committee
 giving Sprague (Republican)
 the seat ^{which} held by Blin
 (Democrat), which report
 was reversed by the action
 of the Democratic house.
 Was again reelected. The
 republicans were in the
 majority; was a candidate
 for the speakership, and in

the caucus received 30 votes,
to the 42 received by.
the successful candidate
Mr. Sheard, who was backed
by both the halfbreeds
& who followed Senator
Miller, and the stalwarts
of President Arthur's
train. This winter my
main work has been
pushing the Municipal
Reform bills for New
York City; in connection with
which I have conducted a
series of investigations into
its various departments.
Most of my bills have been
passed and signed.



4

In the primaries before the Utica Convention, I led the independents in my district, who, for the first time in the history of New York City Politics, won against the machine men, though the latter were backed up by all the Federal ~~patronage~~ and municipal patronage. At Utica, I led the Edmunds men, who held the balance of power between the followers of Blaine and of Arthur; we used our position to such good effect as to procure the election of ~~the~~ all four delegates as Edmunds

men, though we were numerically
not over 20 strong, barely
a seventh of the total
number of men at the convention.
Am fairly well off; my recreations
are reading, riding and
shooting.

Very Resp
Theodore Roosevelt

The Kingdom of Earth

By Anthony Partridge

With frontispiece illustration by A. B. Wenzell

I

THEY sat side by side on one of the many seats which fringed the tiny lake high up among the mountains. The sun shone down upon them from a cloudless sky. A little band on the balcony played the liveliest of music. The people around laughed and talked and flirted. The hum of the skates upon the clear black ice was a music in itself. The man and the girl were perhaps the soberest couple there.

"You mean," she asked, breaking a silence which had lasted for several minutes, "that you are going away at once?"

"I fear so," he answered. "Not only that, but I am going back into a different life. I wonder, can you realize what it means, when one comes to my age, to go back into a different life?"

"How old are you?" she asked.

"I am thirty-three," he answered. "I feel older, I believe that I look older. I am very sure that after a few years of the life that lies before me I shall never know what it is to feel young again."

"Is there any compulsion then," she asked, "about your going?"

"There is the compulsion which pulls always at a man who tries to do what he believes is right," he answered. "For myself, I believed until a few hours ago that my life was my own, to do what I would with, to shape according to my pleasure. If I may, I will tell you this, that up here among the mountains there have come to me only lately ideas and hopes which were rapidly growing dear to me; and now all this is changed. Something has been thrust upon me which I cannot refuse to take, something which means the abnegation of many of my desires. I am called, perhaps, into a greater sphere of life than any I could reasonably have hoped to occupy, and yet——"

"And yet?" she whispered softly.

"If I could have had my own choice," he said, "there is another and a simpler road which I would have chosen toward happiness."

Then again there was silence between them. The girl waited, but he said no more. Then she rose and glanced toward the clock which hung from the little pavilion.

"Come," she said, "it will be time for luncheon in half an hour, and we have had only one waltz this morning. There goes the music."

They glided away, and the exercise soon brought back the color to her cheeks. Everyone watched them, for not only were they the most graceful performers, but they were interesting people. The girl, rich, half American, popular, and beautiful; the man, good-looking, absolutely distinguished, entirely mysterious. Only, at the hotel she was the friend of everybody, easily the most popular and sought-after person among either sex. He, on the contrary, affected reserve, lived in private rooms, showed himself very seldom, except on his return from long skeying expeditions, or on the ice. They waltzed until the music stopped, and then stood together for a moment near the wooden steps.

"You are coming back to luncheon, at all events?" she asked.

He shook his head gravely and pointed outside, to where a sleigh with four horses, and laden with luggage, was waiting.

"I am posting to Maloya," he said. "I want, if I can, to catch the Engadine Express. I came down here because it was my only chance of saying good-by to you."

She looked him full in the face. "It is to be good-by, then?" she asked.

He answered her with the grave, uncompromising puritanism which somehow or another she had always associated with

The Kingdom of Earth

him. "It is to be good-by, Miss Pellisier," he said, holding her hand for a second in his.

A few moments later she heard the tinkle of his sleigh-bells as he drove away. A small crowd of men gathered round to help her off with her skates, and afterward she walked up to the hotel, the center of a very lively party indeed; but when she got into her room she locked the door, and she was half an hour late for luncheon!

"On the contrary," the girl declared, lowering her lorgnette, and looking up toward the man who had addressed her, "I am extremely interested. I love watching a crowd of people at any time. I think that this is quite delightful!"

"If only that idiot of a waiter would bring our coffee," her companion remarked, glancing around irritably. "We have been here nearly twenty minutes."

"The poor man has so much to do," the girl answered composedly. "The place is simply packed. Don't worry about the coffee, but go on telling me who the people are—the heavy gentleman with the pasty face and the long hair, for instance."

Her companion readjusted his eye-glass and leaned forward in his chair. "He is a pianist from Australia," he announced. "I have forgotten his name. The lady with him sings at the opera. The people behind are stock-brokers—very rich indeed. They have a magnificent place in Hertfordshire, and he motors up to town every day—nearly forty miles."

"The small man with the pince-nez?"

He shook his head. "You have me this time. He is probably, by his black tie and dinner-coat, a traveling American. A Sunday-night restaurant crowd is the most cosmopolitan in the world, you must remember."

"I know," she answered. "That is the most delightful part of it. One can see one's own people anywhere. It is these other types which fascinate me."

He looked at her curiously. She represented to him an enigma which as yet he had made no progress whatever in solving. She was still a young woman—she could scarcely be more than twenty-five—an aristocrat by birth, wealthy, and astonishingly beautiful. She had read many books on abstruse subjects, the titles of which even were unknown to him; she was reported to have

given large sums of money to the English labor party, and she was a member of a society of very advanced thinkers; and with it all she was a painstaking and accomplished actress at one of the best known and most exclusive London theaters. Her desire to come here, her interest in this gathering, puzzled him. Yet it was without doubt honest. Perhaps she was going to take after her maternal grandmother, a brilliant French novelist. Some likeness to the miniatures and paintings of that wonderful old lady, he seemed to be able to detect in the broad forehead, the dark soft eyes, the small but determined mouth of the girl who sat by his side, her eyes following always the constant stream of people who passed out from the restaurant to their seats in the lounge.

The scarlet-coated band began to play; the girl's attention wandered for a moment to the music. Most of the people by now had found seats, and the scene was, in its way, a brilliant one. Through the glass partition which separated the restaurant from the lounge, one could catch glimpses of the late-diners, seated at tables lighted with shaded lamps and laden with flowers; the foyer itself was crowded now with groups of men and women, the hum of whose conversation at times almost drowned the music. The girl, with her aunt and escort, occupied seats only a few yards from the central aisle, under a huge palm-tree. They themselves were sufficiently observed. The man, Col. Sir Gilbert Ferringhall, was known—by sight—to almost everyone. He was the representative of an ancient and rich family, a popular member of the best service clubs, a great sportsman, and an intimate friend of his sovereign. The aunt was noticeable, perhaps, for nothing but a quiet and tired distinction. The girl was not only the most beautiful person in the room, but she was beautiful in a wholly singular and unusual way. Her neck was long almost to a fault, but it was white and shapely, and around it there hung simply one roughly cut, gleaming blue stone, fastened by a thin gold chain. Her dress was of the same shade of deep blue, toned down by a gossamer-like web of black. Her features were pale, but less with an actual pallor than with the ivory tint which goes with perfect health. Her teeth were whiter and her lips more scarlet than the usual English type. Her eyes were deep and soft, but she had a

trick of half closing them, as though she were short-sighted. Her face, as a whole, notwithstanding its perfections, seemed to lack the animal happiness of her age and sex. The expression of the mouth, of the eyes when she looked at you, was elusive. Even Ferringhall, who during a long career of popular bachelordom had made almost a science of his studies in femininity, felt himself unable to place her.

The stream of people on their way out from the restaurant began to thin. A hopeless family gathering was followed by a straggling line of nondescripts. The girl stifled a yawn and sipped her coffee, which had just arrived. Suddenly the animation returned to her face. She leaned a little forward in her seat and touched her companion upon the arm.

"Tell me," she demanded eagerly, "who is that?"

Ferringhall abandoned his conversation with her aunt, and adjusting his eye-glass followed the motion of her head. A tall, well-built man had issued from the dining-room alone, and was glancing indifferently around in search of a seat. He was clean-shaven, his hair was as black as coal, and there were lines upon his face deeper than any which time alone could have engraved. His skin was dry and slightly bronzed, his eyes were bright and penetrating. He walked with a distinct military bearing; his movements, as he quietly took possession of a chair exactly opposite to them, were characterized by a certain deliberation which seemed almost temperamental. He crossed his legs, leaned back in his chair, and lighting a cigarette looked leisurely around him. His eyes met the girl's, full of vivid and unrestrained curiosity, not unmingled with recognition. Ferringhall was bending toward her.

"I am afraid," he said, "that as a showman I am turning out a failure. The man's face seems familiar to me, but I cannot place him."

"It is familiar to me, also," the girl said. "I want to know who he is."

Her aunt leaned a little forward. "Unless you wish him to come and speak to us," she remarked dryly, "I should look somewhere else for a few moments."

"If I thought that my looking would bring him," the girl answered, "I would simply go on staring."

Ferringhall raised his eyebrows a little

dubiously. "I wonder," he said, "what there is about the man that attracts you so much?"

She smiled very slightly and turned toward him. "Look at the others," she answered, "and look at him. Look at them!" The slight sweep of her hand seemed to gather into one conglomerate mass the whole motley crowd of chattering, laughing people. "They are of the Kingdom of Earth—every one of them. Isn't it there in their faces? You've seen them go by in streams. They were like a flock of sheep, picturesque in their way, perhaps, but there isn't one whom you'd recognize to-morrow."

"And our friend opposite?" Ferringhall asked.

"You do not need me to tell you that there are different things in his face," she answered.

"He hasn't the appearance of a saint exactly," Ferringhall said thoughtfully.

She shrugged her shoulders daintily. "What man has!" she declared, with emphasis.

"To what kingdom then—" he began.

She smiled a little vaguely. "You are inclined to be elementary to-night," she remarked. "Do you want me to believe that you know of no other kingdoms than the kingdoms of heaven and earth?"

He stroked his mustache reflectively. He was beginning to realize that the position of escort to this young woman, beautiful though she was, and unaccountably distinguished, had its drawbacks.

"You mean—" he commenced cautiously.

"Oh! never mind what I mean," she interrupted, laughing. "It is so tiresome to explain."

A flash of inspiration lent venom to his tongue. "You think that he"—inclining his head toward the man opposite—"would have understood?"

"I am sure that he would," she answered lightly.

He turned to talk to her aunt. Courtesy demanded it, even if he had not felt the necessity of inflicting some sort of a rebuke upon this brilliant but flippant young person. But in the midst of his conversation he broke off suddenly. The girl and he exchanged glances. They had both been witnesses to the same incident.

Two young men, they were little more

than boys, had come out of the restaurant arm in arm. Simultaneously, in the midst of their conversation, they had caught sight of the man who sat smoking alone, with his head resting upon his hand and his eyes fixed upon vacancy. Apparently surprised, they nevertheless acted without hesitation. They drew a little apart, their bodies seemed to stiffen, their heels came together as though by instinct, and they bowed very low indeed to the man, whose eyes had now been attracted by their coming. What followed was the strangest part of the affair. The man to whom their salute was proffered, calmly and deliberately ignored it. His eyes, cold and set, seemed to look through the two young men. He neither smiled nor inclined his head in any way. It was more than any ordinary cut. It was a deliberate refusal to recognize in himself the person to whom those two young men had bent their knees. After the first moment's pause, they had hurried on. They passed through the rest of the room, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and climbed the stairs. The girl looked appealingly toward her companion.

"You know Mr. Vlasto, don't you, Sir Gilbert?" she said. "You must go after them and find out who that is. I cannot leave this room before I know."

Ferringhall was himself interested. With a bow to the elder lady he hurried after the two young men. He found them standing in a retired corner of the entresol, talking in a low tone, and went over to them at once.

"My young friend," he said, resting his hand upon the shoulder of the elder of the two, "you are in luck. I congratulate you!"

The young man laughed a little dubiously.

"I am not quite so sure about that, my dear Sir Gilbert," he said.

"You will be presently," Ferringhall answered. "Miss Pellisier sent me to you."

The young man looked wistfully down into the foyer. "Is she here to-night?" he asked quickly. "I didn't see her. We've just come out of the restaurant."

"Sitting with me near the entrance," Ferringhall answered. "You passed within a few feet of us. Come and have some coffee. Miss Pellisier wants to speak to you."

The invitation was a flattering enough one, but the young man only shook his head. He was obviously disturbed. "Thank you very much," he answered, "but we have to

be off at once. That's so, isn't it, Desmond?" he added, turning to his companion for support.

Desmond—a young American by his accent—answered as desired, but without conviction. "Sure!"

"In that case," Ferringhall remarked, "I will not detain you. By the by, though, you might gratify our curiosity in a certain matter, if you won't think the question impertinent. Miss Pellisier and I are both sure that we know the face of the man to whom you two bowed as you came out of the restaurant—tall, distinguished-looking man, sitting by himself. I wish you'd tell us who he is!"

The young man shook his head slowly. "I am afraid," he said, "that I cannot tell you. I did not see anyone in the restaurant whom I know."

Ferringhall was genuinely surprised. For the moment he scarcely realized the situation. "I mean the man to whom you bowed, you and your friend," he said. "We were only a few yards away."

"It was a mistake," Vlasto answered coolly. "We mistook him for some one else. It was no one whom we know."

Ferringhall was silent for a moment. These young cubs to lie to him! He turned on his heel. "Sorry I troubled you," he said curtly. "Good night!"

He turned to descend into the crowded foyer and, nodding here and there to acquaintances, began to make his way back to his companions. Suddenly, in the act of descending the steps, he came to a full stop. His chair between the two ladies who were his guests was occupied. He raised his eye-glass and looked once more incredulously in their direction. The man who sat there was the stranger in whom the younger woman had shown so much interest!

II

"If I had not suddenly remembered, and bowed to you," the girl remarked, "I suppose you would have gone away without a word?"

"I myself," the man answered, with some slight hesitation, "was not quite sure."

"Then you ought to have been—considering how nice I was to you at St. Moritz," the girl declared. "But then I think I should have been nice to anyone who could teach me to waltz. Do you remember

those beautiful clear mornings, with the sunshine blazing down upon us, and the music, and that wonderfully black ice? I used to think that little skating-rink, with the mountains all around, was the most perfect place on earth."

"It was very beautiful," he answered. "Did you go this year?"

She shook her head. "My aunt thought that she couldn't stand it, so we went to Bordighera instead. By the by," she added, turning to the elderly lady by her side, "you remember Mr. Peters? He was at St. Moritz two years ago."

Mrs. Pellisier bowed a little dubiously. "I am very glad to meet Mr. Peters again," she said.

"My aunt," Grace Pellisier continued, smiling at him, "has been making spasmodic attempts to chaperon me during the last few years. Now, however, she is finally giving it up. She sails for America to-morrow, and is going to leave me to my own devices. No wonder, aunt," she added, turning to her companion, "that you don't remember Mr. Peters at St. Moritz. He was a most mysterious person there."

"I wonder why you thought that?" he asked.

"Well, you were staying in the Kulm," she replied, "but one never saw you in the dining-room or in the lounge. I never saw you in the hotel at all, in fact. You were always out skeeing on the mountains, or skating. And then you disappeared quite suddenly. The mysterious Mr. Peters, they used to call you."

"I was summoned away unexpectedly," he remarked. "For the rest, I did not go there to make acquaintances. I had a private room."

"Superior person," she laughed. "What did you go there for then?"

"The climate—and to escape from an uncomfortable situation," he answered.

"Do you know that I have seen you once since then?" she asked.

He looked at her quickly. She met his eyes and was suddenly a little afraid of him. Certainly there was nothing kindly in his expression.

"Where?" he asked.

His eyes held hers. There was something compelling in his monosyllable. She would have liked to delay her answer, but she knew that she was powerless to do so. The man's insistence was irresistible.

"I saw you driving from the president's reception in Paris once," she answered. "You were coming out of the Tuileries, and you had a soldier on either side of your carriage. That was why I was so surprised to see—and to recognize—you."

"It sounds as though I were under arrest," he remarked grimly.

"It looked more like a guard of honor," she answered.

"Then it certainly was not I," he said. "You come often to this place?" he asked, deliberately changing the subject.

"We are here for the first time," she answered. "My aunt does not care much for restaurants, but Sir Gilbert Ferringhall is an old friend, and this is by way of being a farewell dinner."

"Where have you been living during the last two years?" he asked.

"In America some of the time," she answered. "Earning my living at the Empress Theater since then."

"But you are not American?" he asked.

"No more than you are English," she answered, smiling.

He seemed struck by the openness of her retort. "How do you know that I'm not English?" he asked.

"Little things," she answered, "and some inspiration."

"My mother was an Englishwoman," he answered.

"Your mother only! And your name is Peters!"

He smiled. His eyes swept the girl's face. For the first time he realized that she was astonishingly beautiful. "Peters," he said, "is not my name."

"You called yourself that at St. Moritz," she reminded him.

"It suited me to," he answered.

"And now?" she asked.

"It suits me to remain Mr. Peters."

"Even to your friends?" she asked, dropping her voice.

He smiled. "I have none," he answered.

She moved her fan a little, and the words which reached him from the back of it were almost whispered. "You might have," she murmured.

He looked at her deliberately. "I might find people who would call themselves my friends," he said, "but their friendship would scarcely be likely to survive the discovery of who and what I am."

"You do not really believe that?" she murmured.

"I do," he answered calmly.

She leaned a little toward him. Her hand flashed out for a moment only, but in that moment it seemed to gather into a common focus the crowd of loungers by whom they were surrounded. They were suddenly resolved into a type, these women in their elaborate gowns and elaborately coiffured hair, shining with jewels, the whole gallery of their charms at work to its ancient end. The men, too, came under its influence, the men, pleased with their dinner, with themselves, with their womankind, or some one else's womankind, tolerant, fatuous, satisfied with their appeasement of a purely earthly hunger. There was no scorn in the girl's gesture, or in her looks. Yet the man at her side understood. He understood, too, that she understood, and something new was aroused in him.

"This is the world," she said, "which presses upon us always, intolerably. Is crime itself much worse? Why should you not have friends?"

There was without doubt something new in the man's face; its slow immovability seemed kindled into a certain responsiveness as he met her eyes. "Have you any idea who I am?" he asked abruptly.

"None," she answered. "I only wish to know when you wish to tell me. I——"

Ferringhall had approached with a murmured word, and the stranger at once rose from his seat. The girl introduced the two men.

"This is Mr. Peters," she said, "Sir Gilbert Ferringhall. Mr. Peters taught me to waltz at the skating-rink at St. Moritz two years ago. I told you that I was sure we had met before."

"Mr. Peters's face was familiar to me, too," Ferringhall said. "Haven't I also come across you somewhere?"

"Not to my knowledge," was the quiet answer. "I am afraid that I have taken your chair. You must allow me to say good evening."

"Please don't disturb yourself," Ferringhall said. "The waiter can bring another."

"Don't go," the girl said softly.

Mr. Peters bowed an unmistakable adieu. "You are very good," he said. "As a matter of fact, I had forgotten for a moment that I have an appointment which

is already overdue. I am pleased to have met you, Sir Gilbert. Your name is well known to me. I hope that some day," he added, bowing over the girl's fingers, "I may have the pleasure of another skate with you."

"Won't you come to Prince's one afternoon—or come to the theater and see me?" she asked a little eagerly. "I am quite a successful actress now, you know."

He smiled, and seemed about to ask a question. Then he changed his mind. "You are very kind," he answered. "I shall be very pleased."

He left them after all a little abruptly, and the girl's eyes followed him intently as he passed along the carpeted way, erect, unbending, the cynosure of many eyes, owing to his height and the uncommon quality of his good looks. Then she turned to Ferringhall.

"Well, did you find out?" she asked.

"Nothing," he answered. "The young cubs actually had the cheek to lie to me. Vlasto told me that their bow was a mistake, they had thought that he was some one else. Still, you have discovered for yourself."

She smiled a little doubtfully. "I have discovered," she said, "that his name is Peters."

The third meeting was scarcely a meeting at all. Everyone was a little nervous at the theater; only a few hours before the performance, some one had telephoned from Buckingham Palace that the royal box would be required. The play was a new one, the dialogue difficult. An extra prompter was put on. Grace Pellisier alone remained unmoved. It was not until the curtain went down upon the first act that she even glanced toward the royal party. Then for a moment her inimitable composure seemed to leave her. She barely repressed a start, and a ridiculous pain caught her heart. In the place of honor, and in a uniform ablaze with decorations, sat Mr. Peters! She recovered herself and left the stage. In the wings she met the manager.

"Mr. Felce," she said, "who is the guest in the royal box to-night?"

"The Crown Prince of Bergeland, Miss Pellisier," he answered. "Arrived this morning on a four days' visit. Fine-looking chap, isn't he?"

"Arrived this morning?" she repeated, scarcely conscious of what she said.

"Sure! It was all in the paper. King met him at Victoria. I saw the soldiers as I came up. Say, Miss Pellisier, what a nerve you've got!" he continued admiringly. "You were the only one who wasn't a bit shaky."

"Nevertheless," Miss Pellisier said, "I should like a glass of water."

The manager darted away, and Grace walked slowly to her dressing-room. If this was the Crown Prince of Bergeland, who arrived on Monday morning, who was Mr. Peters, and what was he doing at the Savoy Hotel on Sunday night?

III

GRACE bought a newspaper as she crossed the street from her flat to the theater two days later. She bought it not because she wanted it, but because the newsboy was persistent. In her dressing-room she chanced to open it while waiting for her maid. The first heading appealed to her. She read it intently—without a smile. It was merely a conventional announcement of the departure of the Crown Prince of Bergeland. She threw the paper away from her and leaned back in her chair. Her eyes were half closed, her thoughts had played truant. Was it Mr. Peters who had gone, or His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Bergeland? In either case, she was aware of a distinct sense of depression. Her forehead slowly contracted. She was conscious of a frown. What a dull, dull world after all! She was tired of her part, tired of many things. Was she, too, to pass among the slaves—among those to whom the days drifted by without emotions? The machine-like swing of the pendulum—how she hated it!

Her maid brought her a single letter. She took it, with listless fingers, yet the very sight of the handwriting thrilled her. It was bold and large; the envelope seemed scarcely large enough to hold it. It was unfamiliar, and yet she recognized it. She tore it open hastily. The envelope bore the superscription of a neighboring hotel. The sheet of paper which it enclosed was covered with little more than a single sentence:

Thursday.
I should like to see you before I leave England.
May I?
JOHN PETERS.

She sprang up and crossed the room to her writing-desk. Her feet seemed to fall upon the air. She drew out a sheet of paper and wrote:

Of course! Come to my flat to-night, 20 Red-ditch Mansions. I shall be in about 11.30. I send you the key in case you are there first. Wait for me!

She folded the paper about her latch-key, and addressed the envelope to John Peters, Esq., at the Savoy Hotel.

"When you have dressed me for the first act, Murray, you must take this across yourself," she told her maid. "Wait until you are sure that it is properly delivered."

The maid accepted the note and concealed her surprise. Whatever she may have felt or thought, she kept it to herself. They spoke of her mistress as a genius, and genius had the right to do strange things.

The man who called himself John Peters received the note an hour later. He read it in the hall and went slowly to his room. The key seemed to burn his fingers. He threw himself into an easy chair and gazed thoughtfully into the fire. His eyebrows contracted into a frown.

"Have I made a mistake?" he muttered. "Does she understand?"

He hated the thought. Presently, in a saner frame of mind, he cursed himself for it. There was a knock at the door, and Vlasto entered. He looked up inquiringly.

"Everything all right?" he asked.

"Everything, sir," Vlasto answered. "Your royal highness is now sleeping between Calais and Paris."

John Peters nodded. "I shall remain here," he said, "perhaps for a week."

Vlasto looked a little disturbed. "So long, sir?" he ventured to observe.

"Why not?"

"Every day increases the risk," Vlasto affirmed. "Your appearance in the restaurant on Sunday night staggered us all."

"It amused me," John Peters said, "and I was not recognized."

"Ferringhall was curious," Vlasto remarked. "A dangerous man, Ferringhall, too!"

"Ferringhall was squared, anyhow. The young lady who was with him recognized me as John Peters. I skated with her at St. Moritz."

"You mean Grace Pellisier?" Vlasto said slowly.

"Yes."

The Kingdom of Earth

"You have not forgotten that you were at her theater on Monday night?"

"She did not recognize me."

"You are very rash, sir," Vlasto said simply. "You know what recognition might mean."

"Ridicule and failure, I suppose," John Peters answered. "Therefore, we must avoid it. Don't be faint-hearted, Vlasto. We play to win, always. Remember—to win! There is no other possibility."

"You have faith in your star, sir," the young man remarked, with a bow.

"No one ever succeeded who hadn't," John Peters answered firmly. "Is there any work for us to do to-night?"

"No, sir."

"Any letters from home?"

"None, sir. I see in the papers that there was some rioting in Varia last night."

"Crushed severely, I hope?"

"Six peasants shot, sir, according to the papers. We shall have authentic news to-morrow."

The elder man frowned heavily. "It seems a shame," he said. "Poor fellows!"

"There is no other way, sir," said Vlasto firmly.

John Peters stared into the fire with knitted brows. "It is the same always," he muttered, "the same eternal butchery. Every nation on God's earth has had to climb to freedom on the bodies of her dead children."

"Willingly given, sir," Vlasto murmured.

"Aye! willingly given, but it is death none the less."

Vlasto smiled a little curiously. "There is no one," he reminded his master, "who runs a greater risk than you yourself."

John Peters nodded. The thought made him more complaisant. "I suppose so," he admitted; "in fact, my young friend, my position, when the general flare-up comes, will be just a trifle embarrassing, I am afraid. I must have made a fair number of enemies."

Vlasto looked grave. "It is true, sir," he admitted.

John Peters became instantly more cheerful. "I can think of at least half a dozen," he remarked, "who will want to have a dagger in my body. Well, well, it is something to have deserved so much hatred. Can you keep a secret, Vlasto? A private secret, I mean?"

"Without a doubt, sir."

"I am going to make a call—upon a lady."

"To-night, sir?"

"Now. It is necessary that some one knows where I am. I am going to 20 Redditch Mansions."

The young man's face was disturbed. "I wish you wouldn't, sir," he said simply.

"Why not?" John Peters asked. "Hergmann and his friends have followed me to Paris, beyond a doubt."

"One can never tell," Vlasto answered. "Hergmann is a clever man, after all. He may have a suspicion."

John Peters laughed softly. "One must trust a little to one's star, Vlasto," he answered, "and I have a fancy that it is my star which is calling me to-night."

Vlasto's eyes were fixed upon the man whom he adored. The change was there for him to see—something which seemed to soften every feature, to smooth out the hard lines, to fill with a strange light the deep, brilliant eyes. Vlasto sighed. It was like the shattering of an ideal to him, this first sign of human weakness in the man of iron.

"I shall wait for you here, sir," he said simply. "I shall not be needed at the embassy."

John Peters nodded. "I shall not be long," he said, "or, again, I may be. One cannot tell."

He rose from his chair and lit a cigarette. The gloom on Vlasto's face attracted his notice. "What is the matter with you, Leopold?" he asked abruptly.

"Presentiments," the young man answered frankly. "I do not like your errand, sir. I do not recognize you in the character of a midnight adventurer."

John Peters frowned on him. His face was suddenly dark. "Don't talk like a fool, Leopold," he said curtly. "The lady whom I am going to visit is of ourselves. Since when have I aped the cattle, that you should suspect me of a vulgar intrigue?"

Vlasto accepted his rebuke, but his expression was none the less serious. "There are intrigues and intrigues, sir," he said, "and I hate all women. They have bitten the heart out of too many great men's lives."

John Peters walked away with a laugh. But again it seemed to him that the key which he held was burning his flesh.

IV

HE first knocked at the door, and receiving no reply he turned the key softly and entered. The room was empty. He took off his hat, unwound the scarf from his neck, and stood looking around him with mingled sensations. This was her room, her home. Had it any message for him, he wondered, anything to tell him that he did not know concerning her?

There were two sitting-rooms, divided by an arch of whitewood, but uncurtained, and open to each other. In the farther one a small round dining-table was covered with a table-cloth, as though for some meal; the other apartment, in which he stood, was evidently used purely as a sitting-room. There were a piano, some easy chairs, a small table, with a vase of flowers, and a pile of reviews and newspapers. A fire burned in the grate, and the mantelpiece was laden with photographs, mostly of women. He looked in vain for any signs of marked individuality in the room. He glanced at the books—a volume of Rossetti's poems, Pater's "Imaginary Portraits," a New York paper, and the Rubaiyat lay side by side. Little was to be learned from them. They showed indeed few signs of use—the freak of a *poseuse*; perhaps. The newspaper was doubled down in a certain place; the sight of a familiar name attracted him, and he took it up. It was an article which he had read once or twice lately. It was entitled, "The Most Decadent Monarchy in Europe," and it referred to Bergeland.

With a faint smile upon his lips, he took it to the fireplace and read it through once more, word for word. He read of the licentious life, lived by king and crown prince alike, which made the court of this elderly monarch the most dissolute spot in Europe, a place to be avoided by all decent people. He read of unconstitutional taxation, of a corrupt ministry, of a people goaded to the very point of rebellion. When he had finished he looked up, to find her standing before him, and her maid gliding into the farther apartment.

"You are amusing yourself, I trust?" she asked, as she removed the hatpins from her hat.

He smiled grimly as he threw the paper away, but he said nothing. He was looking at her.

"At least," she continued, "you should be interested."

He frowned suddenly, and his eyes flashed into hers. "Why?" he demanded.

"I saw you at the theater the other evening, Mr. John Peters," she remarked, unfolding her scarf and holding it out to her maid. "Do sit down, won't you? You look too big for the room, standing up. Bring that easy chair up to the fire."

"You were mistaken," he said.

"As you will," she answered indifferently. "I will be mistaken if you like. It is all the same to me so long as you are here."

He looked steadily across at her. What manner of woman was this, who made him welcome under such circumstances? She was sitting opposite to him now, her head resting upon her slim, ringless fingers, her eyes unflinchingly meeting his. The unrelieved black of her simply made gown, and her colorless cheeks, gave her to some extent an air of physical frailty; yet even as he watched, the color slowly mantled her fair skin, her eyes softened, and the mouth, which seemed to him the most beautiful he had ever seen, was parted in a glorious, an understanding, smile.

"Am I very forward?" she laughed. "But we have passed the days of children, you and I. We belong to the race of those who understand."

He nodded, and turning his head, pointed to the paper. "You have read that," he said. "You believe that you recognized me at the theater, and yet you asked me here to-night."

"Certainly," she answered, "it was the man in whom I was interested—not his sins."

"That puzzles me," he admitted. "I should have thought that a man and his sins were one."

She laughed softly. "Not by any manner of means," she declared. "I have known the most charming people in the world, who have done the most shocking things. Half the unhappiness in the world comes from this stupid inability to dissociate the two. Let us have some supper," she broke off abruptly. "Murray, ring the bell and have up some cold things and some wine. I am starving. Excuse me."

She pushed some cigarettes toward him, and vanished into the inner room, reappearing in a few minutes in a plain gown of some deep-blue material. She had

pushed her hair back from her forehead, and she seemed to him somehow to have grown younger. A waiter brought in a tray.

"You must have something with me," she insisted. "I hope you are not in a hurry. Remember, this is when my few hours' absolute freedom commences. All day long I have the thought of my work before me. Now it is over—done with for the time. I suppose it seems very unwholesome to you, this turning night into day. But what can one do?"

She played the hostess charmingly, and afterward, as they passed back into the smaller room, she drew him gently toward the window. "One of the privileges of living so high up," she remarked, "is that one need never draw one's blinds. I like a night view, don't you? It is so mysterious."

"You are an impressionist," he remarked.

"In everything, in sensations as well as art," she admitted. "There is nothing to be learned from the obvious. Come and talk to me as you did at St. Moritz."

"You have not forgotten?" he asked.

"I never forget," she answered. "You taught me to waltz, and in the intervals we talked of the greater things. You had a science of life—a whole set of theories of your own. Has time destroyed them?"

He pointed to the newspaper. "What do you think?" he asked.

She hesitated for a moment. "You mean to admit, then, that you are——"

He glanced around the room. "I trust you with more than my life," he answered. "I am John Valentine Peters, Crown Prince of Bergeland."

She pointed back to the paper. "And those stories?"

He looked out into the night. "Ah!" he said softly, "those stories!"

"You have read them?" she asked.

"Every line of them," he answered, "and many more as bad. I have a file of the papers at home in my room."

She was silent for several moments. He wondered whether it was to give him an opportunity to explain. She asked no questions. The burden of further speech, however, she laid upon him.

"You believe them?" he asked at length.

"I believe you," she answered calmly. "What you tell me is sufficient."

"And I have told you nothing," he remarked.

"I have asked no questions," she reminded him.

"The stories," he said slowly, "are, in the main, true of the person of whom they are written."

"And you are the Prince of Bergeland?"

"I am," he answered.

He saw a shadow flit across her face, a shadow that was like the passing of some pain. He leaned toward her.

"Don't worry about me," he said softly.

"I am not worth it. We are degenerate, all of us—we of the house of Bergeland, you know. If I dared say so much to you, I would say this: If you have a little trust in me, keep it."

She smiled at him. "That," she answered, "is easy. The only Prince of Bergeland that I know is a different person."

"You honor me," he said quietly. "I shall not forget it. I shall never forget it. Don't you think that we have talked enough now of my unworthy self? I want you to tell me how it is that I find you here alone—and about your profession. You seemed to me in St. Moritz a very different sort of person."

"In what way?" she asked him.

"Well, for one thing you were surrounded with friends and relations," he answered. "Some of them were quite formidable, too. I cannot imagine how you managed to break loose from such an environment."

She laughed quietly. "It was just that," she said, "which has made an adventure of me. No girl can live her own life to-day, who is situated as I was situated. I broke loose because I had to. I wasn't particularly attracted by the stage—I am not now, but it was the only profession which would give me the freedom I desired. That is why I chose it—and you can imagine the battle I had."

He nodded. "You have been successful," he remarked.

"Not so successful as you imagine," she answered. "I am really rather an indifferent actress, but I work hard. I had to make some sort of a show to justify myself."

"And you are contented with your life?" he asked.

She raised her eyebrows a little. "Contented! I pray that I may never be that," she answered. "I am a little freer, that is all, and I have broken away from a life which was little less than slavery."

"You have a career," he said, half to himself.

She nodded. "But remember," she begged, "that I chose my career as a means of escape. My career did not choose me. That is where I come to grief. I have learned a good deal, but the person who has to learn is already hopeless. I know the truth myself quite well. I have not in me the making of a great actress."

"And yet," he said, "I do not believe that mediocrity in anything would ever satisfy you. If you are as sure as you say, you should leave the stage."

She smiled. "No," she said, "that is not necessary. I have no illusions, you see, so I court no disappointments. But what things in life are worth having must come to me—outside of my profession."

She spoke quite calmly. She seemed almost prepared for the obvious question. "The great things in life," she answered, "I suppose they mean something different to all of us."

"To you?" he demanded.

"I do not seek them," she answered. "I pray that they will come. I only know that I have the heart-longing for them. The place is there waiting, but I do not know what they will be." She turned away from the window and looked steadily into his face. "I wonder," she said, "what they are for you!"

He pointed to the paper. "After that," he said, "you do me honor when you suggest that I am capable of them."

"Weeds and flowers grow together," she answered. "Oh! you are capable of great things if you try. There is no doubt of that."

"Do you know anything of the history of my country?" he asked her.

"A little," she answered.

"Do you believe," he asked, "that any man God ever made could wipe out from the hearts of the people the shameful misrule of the last twenty years?"

"It will be your task," she answered; "a heavy one, no doubt."

She looked toward the newspaper, and he understood. In that momentary silence the attention of both of them was suddenly diverted. They looked toward the door. A stealthy footstep had sounded outside. They waited for a knock. None came. Grace moved swiftly across the room, and opening the door, looked out. The corridor was

empty. She came back into the room with a frown upon her forehead. "I distinctly heard some one outside," she remarked.

"So did I," he assented, stepping to the door. "It sounded like some one walking on tiptoe."

"I wonder who can be spying upon me," she murmured perplexedly. "The electric lights are all lower than usual, too."

"In any case," he said, "I had better be going."

"We have only just begun to talk," she said reluctantly.

He glanced toward the clock, and took up his hat and coat in earnest. "I shall be here to-morrow night," he said. "May I come in?"

"Of course," she answered. "Listen again a moment."

She was looking out once more into the dimly lighted passage. "I am actually nervous," she whispered. "I hate unexplained noises."

He smiled reassuringly, but he knew very well that, with his knowledge, her nervousness would soon have become downright fear. He knew what she probably did not, that he went with a price upon his head. While he shook hands with her, the fingers of his left hand closed over something in his overcoat pocket that was hard and cold.

"The lift is just around the corner," she whispered softly. "Till to-morrow night! I am going to lock my door quickly."

She stepped back, and he heard the lock turn in the door. For a moment he stood upright in the middle of the corridor, looking up and down, and listening intently. Then he began to make his way very cautiously toward the lift.

V

GRACE heard her visitor announce himself with a sudden start which almost resembled fear. "Sir William Wilson!" she exclaimed, half incredulously. "Won't you sit down?"

"You are very kind," he answered. "If I may, I will take this easy chair."

He made himself comfortable in a leisurely fashion, crossing his legs, and smiling benevolently at her. Certainly no man in the world could have seemed less likely to inspire the sentiment of fear. He was somewhat short, and inclined toward corpulence; he had gray whiskers and beard,

though his upper lip was clean-shaven; he was dressed in a respectable frock-coat suit, on the waistcoat of which reposed a heavy gold chain. He looked exactly what he was—a prosperous, middle-aged shop-keeper who, his prosperity having touched the millions, was spoken of everywhere as a merchant prince.

"My dear Miss Pellisier," he said, smiling reassuringly upon her, "I have not come here to take up much of your time, or to ask of you anything very terrible. You are, I know, a member of the society of which I have the honor to be president, but you are a member of only the outside circle, what we call the 'theorists,' so our claim upon you is not a very exacting one. Still, there are certain small ways in which it chances just now that you can be of service to us. Don't think me impertinent, please, or curious. I speak on behalf of larger than personal interests. You had a visitor last night."

Grace started slightly. "Yes," she answered hesitatingly; "it was a Mr. John Peters."

"The *nom de voyage*, as I dare say you are aware," he continued, "of John Valentine Peters, Crown Prince of Bergeland."

She bowed her head. "I met him two years ago at St. Moritz," she admitted. "He always called himself Mr. John Peters. It scarcely seems possible to me, even now, that he can be the man of whom all these terrible things are said."

"It is the same man," Sir William declared cheerfully, "the same man, beyond the shadow of a doubt. He is one of the most pestilent rogues in Europe, and has found his way most worthily, I am bound to admit, into a little book we keep, on the cover of which is inscribed, 'Enemies of the People.' It is better for any man, as you may have heard, that he does not find his name written inside that book."

"Why have you come here to talk to me about him?" she asked.

"We feel a certain interest in his movements," Sir William continued, pressing the tips of his fingers gently against each other. "For instance, we should like to know whether he is coming to see you again to-night."

"Yes," Grace answered, with a catch in her breath.

"After the performance?"

"Yes."

Sir William seemed pleased. "Well," he said, "we have a small, a very small commission for you. We should like you to keep him here until half-past one, and to see that he departs as nearly as possible at that time."

"Why?" Grace asked breathlessly.

"There are certain people," Sir William declared, "who desire a little conversation with him."

"Is that all?" she demanded.

"It is all that concerns you," Sir William answered, with the first note of sternness in his voice. Before she could frame another question, he had taken his leave and was gone.

John Peters detected almost at once that something had happened, that there was some change in her attitude toward him. He had taken care this time to arrive later than she, and had found her sitting in an easy chair drawn up to the fire, reading again the chronicle of his iniquities. She had not changed her gown, and her hat lay on the sofa where she had thrown it. When he entered she started, and her expression puzzled him. Was it his fancy, or was there fear shining out of the dark, somewhat distended eyes which met his.

"You were expecting me, I hope?" he asked, bending over her hand. "You had not forgotten?"

"No," she answered, "I had not forgotten, but I am sorry that you have come. I was hoping that you might have been called away."

"This," he remarked, drawing a chair near hers, "requires an explanation. I see that you have been reading again that eternal story of my misdeeds. Why?"

"Because," she answered steadily, "I am trying to reconcile the two men, and I can't. I ask what my friend, John Peters, can possibly have to do with—that scoundrel," she added, pointing to the paper. "I ask myself whether I am mad, that I permit a man like that to be here with me—alone."

"You permit me to be here," he said gently, "because you trust me."

"Then either my trust is misplaced," she declared, "or your are not Valentine, Prince of Bergeland, or those stories are lies."

"Your trust," he answered, "is not misplaced. That is all that I can tell you."

"You drank wine with me last night," she said. "Is it true that you have drunk champagne out of the slipper of a dancing girl?"

He smiled faintly. "I can't seem to recall it," he admitted. "Let us put that down to a stretch of the reporter's imagination."

She pointed eagerly to the newspaper. "The whole report," she exclaimed, "is perhaps exaggerated."

He shook his head. "Not so very much, I believe. On the whole, I believe it is somewhere near the truth."

She was silent for a moment. Then she turned toward the table. "Very well," she said, "let us have supper."

He took his place, looking at her a little curiously. "Supposing," he said, "I had been able to deny it?"

"In that case," she said, "I should have sent you away this minute."

"You puzzle me," he declared, looking at her quizzically. "One would imagine that it is a privilege to remain, not to be sent away."

"To-morrow," she answered, "you may think differently. Now talk to me. Tell me of some of your adventures—not the very worst ones, of course. You must meet with some very amusing people in your wanderings."

He smiled. "I meet all sorts," he said, "but they are seldom amusing. I would rather that we imagined ourselves back at St. Moritz again, and talked as we did then."

"Those days are finished," she answered. "I do not wish to be reminded of them."

"They may come again," he said softly.

"They can never come again," she replied. "They belonged to Mr. John Peters and to me. Now there is a third party who has intervened—and it is finished!"

"A third party?"

"Yes," she answered, "John Valentine, Prince of Bergeland."

They ate and drank almost in silence. Then, as they were finishing, he leaned across the table to her,

"Listen," he said, "it is true that I am John Peters, and it is true that I am John

Valentine, Prince of Bergeland. But I will say this to you, and it is more than I have said to any other person on earth: There are a hundred gutter journalists ready to throw mud at the man who plays the fool, and sometimes they miss the mark. Look at me, Grace."

She obeyed him, half unwillingly as it seemed to him.

"I have never drunk wine out of the slipper of a dancing girl. I do not love dancing girls. I have never been drunk in my life. I have thought oftener, and with more pleasure, of a fortnight I spent in St. Moritz two years ago than of any other fortnight before or since."

"If I could only believe you," she murmured, her eyes still intently fixed on his.

"It is always easy," he answered, "to recognize the truth."

She sighed, and glanced toward the clock. The hands were pointing to one. She held out both her hands.

"I am going to try to believe in you," she said, "and because of that I am going to send you away this moment. Don't ask me any questions. Light that cigarette and go!"

"Isn't this a little sudden?" he remonstrated.

"Never mind that. It is for your own sake I am sending you away. Some day I may explain, but not now."

"I may come again?"

"Some day, but I will write. Please!" She held the door open.

The obvious earnestness of her manner impressed him. He raised her hand to his lips, and stepped out into the dimly lighted corridor.

Grace closed the door, and stood for a moment with her hand to her heart. Then she moved over to the window and threw it open, feeling the need of fresh air. Exactly opposite to her was the clock of St. Martins in the Fields, and as she stood there it chimed the half hour. She listened, gazing through the darkness, with distended eyes, at the illuminated dial. Half-past one! She sprang to the mantelpiece, and a sudden horror seized her. The little white-marble clock had stopped! She had sent him out at exactly the hour she had been told!

The next instalment of "*The Kingdom of Earth*" will appear in December.



KATIE SNATCHED A SHEET OFF THE IRONIN'-BOARD AN' SHOWED US HOW

Wud Ye Bate Her?

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

Illustrated by Arthur G. Dove

DID I iver be tellin' ye about Sheila Mooney? No? Well, that's very quare, fer Sheila has been givin' us the merry time lately. Ye see, there was Roman Hinnessey an' Jawn Mather, both puttin' a terrible strain on their wits to get her, fer Sheila is shure very pritty, with her black hair an' her red lips an' her big gray eyes smudged in with a sooty finger, as we say in the ould country. Fayther Murray, he says to her wance: "Sheila," he says, "ye 'mind me av the drames av the elder poets, with yer pale face an' yer eyes an' yer slender grace. 'Tis a windflower ye are on the shores av a little mountain pool." A windflower! He's growin' ould, the dear man, an' his eyes is gettin' dim. A windflower! He had not seen her eat.

The way the throuble came around was this: Wan evening us gurrls was sittin' in Mary Mahaney's kitchen. We meet there every Friday night, ye must be knowin'. Mary, ye raymimber, is cook to Mis' R. T. Weston in that grand house on Petunia Place, and is promised to Terence Mulhaly—the banns was called first last Sunday. Well, us gurrls, Mary herself an' Sheila Mooney an' Bidy Winn, a plain, good gurrl, an' Rosie Keenan, pritty as a pictur, an' meself, Nora Grady—proud Nora, sometimes called—an' Mary's sister Katie, the laundress, was sittin' in that pleasant cozy kitchen passin' the tay-pot an' chattin' informal, whin Katie got to tellin' us a story. It seems that she is a ray-spectable married body livin' in two rooms with her man, an' goin' out by the day.

Well, some thriflin' disagraymint had come up between her an' her Pat, an' it got to such a pass that words as argymints lacked force an' p'int, so they picked up whatever come handy to emphaysize their statements. But the dayspute finally ended by her man givin' her a swipe over the eye, an' a good wan, too, fer her face looked somethin' awful. Now, as ye know, troubles niver comes singly, so the very next day Katie's misthress was after sendin' fer her to complain about acid eatin' holes in the linen, or her Frinch underclothes bein' jerked off the line without the pins bein' tuk out, or what not. Ye know how they go on. They wud have a poor laundress rub the flesh off av her pa'ms with a bottle av quick-cleaner standin' beside her handy.

Well, Mis' Westor is wan av the finicky kind, very dilicate, ye know, with the doctor frequent, an' the manicure an' the hairdresser three times a week; an' always trailin' about in thim silk-an'-lace wrappers, an' a kind av sad patient smile, whin her husband's around—"Me head doesn't hurt quite so bad to-day"—an' ivybody sighin': "She's not strong. 'Tis no constitution at all, she has." Ye know the kind.

But let me be tellin' ye, that whin 'tis annything she wants particular to do, she's always got the strength fer it. She can lep up from a sick bed, an' play cairds—bridge they do be callin' it—the whole night troo. So whin Katie walks into this lady's room, with her face like a beefsteak, all discolored like, she throws four or five fits.

"Katie," she screams, "phwat's the matter with yer face? Me poor gurrl, phwat has been happenin' to ye?"

"Pat bate me, that's phwat," says Katie, very short an' sullen.

"Bate ye!" screams her lady, louder than iver, "bate ye!" Thin she stood up an' kind av tottered, an' got as white as the paper on the walls. "Bate ye!" drawin' in her breath with a kind av hiss'n' sound an' draggin' her kimony tight around her. (Katie snatched a sheet off the ironin'-board an' showed us how. Oh, but it was funny!) "Bate ye!" She kep' on sayin' it all kinds av ways, just like she was down at the theyater. "Me poor gurrl!" Katie says her voice began at the ceiling, with "Me," wint down-stairs with "poor," an' whin she reached "gurrl," it hit so hard an the cellar flure that it bounded up again like injy-rubber.

Thin Katie, a very smart gurrl, I do be tellin' ye, began to whimper an' cry to bate the band. Ye see, she saw a dress or a most-new hat in sight; so she got to spinnin' yarns about what she had bore, an' luxuriatin' in sympathy, until her lady, she wint to the telephone, an' before Katie quite knew phwat she was up to, she had sint a policeman to arrest Pat.

Whin Katie understood that, ye may know that she made her misthress understand phwat the Irish timper manes under injustice or oppression or whin the sacred rights av home are thrampled upon.

"Ye'd come between husband an' wife, wud ye?" cries Katie. "Ye thry to break up me home," cryin' fierce, "me little home, where Pat an' me has been so happy an' lived like turtle-doves, with niver a wurrd between us, not wan. Ye dare to have him arrested, an' I'll give ye a push in the face that'll sind yer teeth flyin' troo the back av yer head, an' I'll get thim as I knows on to put the black comether an ye fer a t'ousand, t'ousand years."

Well, they had high wurrds back an' forth. "I pity ye," says her lady very high; "'tis but a poor, ignorant servant ye are."

"Poor I am, thrue fer ye," says Katie, "but not so ignorant as you, fer you but know yer own affairs, whilst I know yours an' mine, too."

Course us gurrls laughed like annything, fer Katie had her there.

"'Tis just like a misthress," I says; "they're so superior an' airy."

"Oh, come now," says Biddy Winn, good-natured, "not so hard an thim, fer, gurrls, ye got to admit it, if they're nothin' else, they're amusin'."

"Well," cries Sheila, tossin' her head, "I don't know that the misthress was so very wrong. I'm not married, an' I've no wish to be, fer I've niver seen the b'y yet that made me hairt get a move an it; but whin I do git married, if me man iver gave me wan clip over the eye, I wud not arrest him. No! 'Tis onwomanly, an' gives too much pleasure to the neighbors; but I'd lay him out till the doctor wud have to be called in."

"Some holds that a man does not really love ye unless he bates ye now an' thin," says Mary, lookin' at the fire very sentimental; "but I spoke to Terence av it. 'Terence,' I says, 'wud ye be after batin' me whin we are married?' 'Niver,' he answers, 'ye are too dear to me, Mary Ma-

Wud Ye Bate Her?

haneys, and annyway, so long as we are livin' here, 'twould be onwise. Ye might be drawin' the long face to the mistress, an', as is iver the case in this onjust wurld, sympathy wud go to the woman, an' I might lose me job."

"Och, an' 'tis a haird task choosin' a husband," sighs Sheila, helpin' herself to another cooky and a third cup av tay. "I will tell this circle av me intimate friends, an' it might niver go further, fer I have spoke av it to no one but me uncle an' aunt, several av me cousins, an' Fayther Murray, that both Roman Hinessey an' Jawn Mather has asked me to marry him."

"Now ye know that both are sober and steady, holdin' down fine jobs an' drawin' grand wages; both are good-lookin' lads, too, an' 'tis Gawd's truth that I cannot chose between them. I am 'most druv wild with the thryin' to. I have thried iverything I did be knowin'," she wint on very despairin'. "I named wan bedpost Jawn an' wan Roman an' thried to see which I wud drame av three nights in succession; but 'twas no good, although I ate the richest av rich cake an' have felt like there was stones in me stomach iver since."

Well, 'twas haird, sure enough, an' we all talked it over, back an' forth, wan sayin' one thing, wan another, until suddenly Mary, she sits up an' clasps her hands. "I got the way fer ye to choose, Sheila," she cries, "an' 'tis this: Whin the b'ys come in later fer a bite av supper an' to take you gurrlls home, we will put it up to all av them whether they wud be batin' a wife or not; an' by whatever answer they make, us gurrlls will be daycidin' fer ye which ye shall marry."

Now understand that Sheila is a kind av reckless gurrll, like to be carried away fer the moment sometimes, an' she spoke up quick as a flash.

"All right," she says. "Lave it go at that."

About tin o'clock, the b'ys all come in, Jawn Mather an' Roman Hinessey, Billy Cronin, Tim Hogan, an' Kelly the cobbler—'twas very seldom he iver came among us. Ye may know him, he has that little shop that ye walk right in off the street, about two blocks off av Petunia Place. A fine man he is, middle aged an' very much rayspected, fer he kapes to himself and bothers no wan, an' has quite a tidy bit av money saved up. Fayther Murray will sit in his shop an' talk to him by the hour; an' more than wance I

have heard him say, "Tis a man av sound sinse is Kelly." An' mind ye, Kelly was the first to notice that there was somethin' in the wind that night.

"Fer why do you gurrlls all look so glum an this pleasant avenin'?" he says in his quiet way.

"We have all been discussin' a question which is very near to a woman's hairt," says Sheila, spakin' up, "an' that is, whether, since men are such brutes, anny sinsible gurrll should think av gettin' married."

"Yes," bruk in Mary, "an' now we want you b'ys' opinions av the matter. Wud ye be afther batin' yer wife, Mистер Kelly?"

Us gurrlls nearly fell out av our chairs to hear phwat he wud be sayin', fer he is a very sinsible man.

"Since I have no intintion av takin' a wife," he answers indifferent, "I have no opinion to give."

Thin Mary put the question to the other b'ys in turn, an' they made wan fool answer or another until finally there was only Roman an' Jawn left. It was excitin' thin, I'm tellin' ye, an' Sheila, she did be gettin' paler than iver. Ye cud hear a pin drop, whin Mary was askin' him.

"Bate me wife!" says Roman very surprised, his eyes fixed on Sheila. "I wud not. Phwat fer should I? She should have her own way in ivery particular."

"Faith! 'twould be a slow life with him," I whispers to Sheila.

"But if she misconducted herself?" says Mary.

"If she had the timper av the devil, an' if she broke me hairt, I wud not bate her, although," he added cautious, "I might lave her."

"Phawt wud ye do with yer wife, Jawn?" asks Mary.

"I wud love her to death," he says with a kind av twinkle in his eye, an' lookin' steady at Sheila.

"But if she was the talk av the neighborhood?" I put in.

"If she was the talk av the neighborhood an' I cud rayform her no other way, I wud give her a touch av the strap now an' thin," he says, still smilin' at Sheila.

Ye ought to heard the hubbub thin. It was somethin' awful. Iverywan at wance tellin' Jawn Mather phwat we thought av him.

Thin Sheila, she put her handkerchief to

her eyes an' began to cry. "Oh," she says, "oh, me hairt is broke! 'Tis to that man," lookin' very scornful at Jawn an' pointin' her finger at him, "that I have almost give me hairt, an' now he promises to bate me. 'Tis murdered I'd be in less than six months. Oh, oh, oh! Nobody loves me. Nobody loves me."

"I love ye, Sheila," says Roman, very protectin' an' scowlin' somethin' terrible at Jawn, "an' I promise ye now, I will niver bate ye."

"Thin it isn't the spirit av a flea ye have," snapped Sheila, stoppin' her cryin' long enough to look at him very fierce. "Do ye think I wud marry a man that wud let a woman drag his name through dirt an' niver raysint it? I guess ye're mistaken, Mis-ther Roman Hinnese-ey."

Well, I'm givin' ye me word thim two lads was the foolish-est lookin' things ye iver saw in yer life.

"Whist now," says Mary. (She can be very decaded, ye know, especially whin she is backed up by me.) "No more av this. It makes the avenin' onpleasant fer the rest. Ye have left the ch'ice in the hands av yer friends, Sheila, fair an' square, haird an' fast, so say no more about it. Us gurrils will make the right daycision, ye may be sure."

"Whin will ye be afther tellin' me now?" asks Sheila, in a small, little voice.

"It may be a wake, it may be a fortnight or more," says Mary, very grand and uppity. "'Tis a matter which rayquires thought an' discussion; but understand, we'll have no interference in our duties."

Thin Sheila sighed very heavy, an' the b'ys sure looked dumfounded, an' in spite

av the effort av the rest av us there was a ginerall gloom, so that 'twas but a short time before we all wint home. But thrue as ye're alive our troubles began from that night, fer I do be tellin' ye, there was so much acrimonious arygment whinver we met to daycide the matter that it like to broke up the friendships av years.

In fact, the difficulties av the situation was so great that we turned to Fayther Murray

in our throuble; but he wud give us no advice. "I can't be bothered with such nonsense," he says very irritable. "I have more important wurruk than settlin' the love affairs av a silly gurril."

So gettin' no satisfaction out av him, we turned to Kelly the cobbler. I mind well the afternoon us gurrils stopped in to his little shop, an' very pleasant an' peaceful it was, with the sun shinin' troo the windows an' him sittin' there at his bench, with his bed-tickin' apron on an' the shoe he was half-solin' between his knees. He offered us seats very polite, and thin he asked phwat he cud be afther doin' fer us.

An' mind ye, all the time we was tellin' him our per-

plexities, he was squintin' along the edge av the shoe in his lap, an' smilin' kind av funny.

"'Tis bould gurrils ye are to set yerselves such a task; an' ayther way ye daycide, ye'll get blamed fer it to the end av the chapter," he says at last.

"'Tis well we know it," answers Mary, quite bitter, "an' 'tis the devil's own time we've had a'ready, fer Sheila niver laves us alone. She'll tell me at night that Jawn is the only man she iver cud or wud love, an' that she'd rather have a batin' from him



SQUINTIN' ALONG THE EDGE AV THE SHOE

than a kiss from another; an' thrue as I'm standin' here, she'll hairdly wait to get out av bed the next mornin' to run an' beg Nora Grady here not to discriminate against Roman, fer her mind is fully made up now an' 'tis ayther Roman or the convint fer her. Be afternoon, she will be cryin' on Biddy Winn's shoulder an' beggin' her to cast her vote fer Jawn. Och, 'tis awful!"

Whin Mary finished talkin' Kelly rubbed his chin very thoughtful fer a minute or so. "'Tis a very haird nut to crack," says he, at last. "'Tis a matter rayquirin' sayrious thought, an' I should say offhand is beyant the feminine intellects. Give me a week," he says, "to study over the subject."

We all burst out at once thankin' him, an' wint home considerably 'hairtened up; but, as we learnt later, we was not the only wans that sought the advice av Kelly, fer Sheila, not content with tormentin' the life half out av us, had to run to him on her own account. She is very sly, is Sheila, very sly indade. Av course we knew nothing av her thricks at the time; but she towld me about it afterward.

It seems she dropped in to his little shop wan morning whin he was sittin' there busy as usual. Well, she says it was so pleasant an' quiet, with the clock tickin' slow an' peaceful, an' his big torty-shell cat half asleep an' purrin', an' the sun shinin' on the red geranium on the window-sill, that she felt more aisy in her mind at wance. Fer a minute or so they talked on this or that, an' thin Sheila could howld in no longer, an' she burst out with phwat was in her hairt.

"Ye've always been kind to me, Misther Kelly," she says, wheedlin'-like, lettin' thim long black lashes av hers trail on her pale cheeks, "so wud ye plaze help me now, whin I do be needin' help as niver before."

"Phawt's all this pother?" he asks.

"Sure, I'm in terrible throuble," she answers, an' she wint right on an' towld him the whole thing, an' he put down his wurruk an' bint his head toward her an' listened as if he'd heard nothin' av it before. Oh, a wonderful dayscreet man is Donovan Kelly, as ye may see. "An' so," winds up Sheila, "I've put me whole future in the hands av me friends."

"Thin prepare fer death," he says, "but listen," speakin' very airnest. "I'm a master hand, as maybe ye have heard, at pullin' folks out av bogs they wilfully go out av their way to jump into."

"I know that," says Sheila, brightenin'.

"Some say ye are better than Fayther Murray."

Kelly shook his head. "Fayther Murray is a professional," he says modest. "I am but a amachoor."

Well, sure as yer eyes air blue, Sheila tuk to runnin' to his shop ivery day, so us poor gurrils got some rest av our lives; an' 'tis Mary's truth, although ye may find it haird to belave, that aven whin she was tellin' him wan day that her hairt was Jawn's feriver, an' the next that she cud not an' wud not live without Roman, all the time she was peekin' at Kelly from under her lashes.

But with all her airs an' her graces an' her show-off thricks, she made no headway with Kelly. He was too experienced fer the likes av her.

"Do ye niver wish fer other company than yer ugly torty-shell cat, an' Fayther Murray droppin' in occasional?" asks Sheila. "Do ye niver wish fer a woman's society?"—plaitin' her apron industrious.

"Niver!" he says very emphatic fer so quiet a man. "I'll soon be turnin' fifty, an' I know whin I'm well off. 'Tis gettin' old I am."

"Phwat's that!" says Sheila. "Me grandfayther an me father's mother's side danced a jig whin he was a hundred an' two or thereabouts."

"Thim as wants to can," raysponded Kelly, "but all I ask is me pipe, a glass now an' thin, an' a intilligint man to talk to—no petticoats."

Which shows, ye see, that Sheila cud put no comether an him.

But day by day wint by, until warr aven-in', just as 'twas turnin' the fortnight, us gurrils all set discussin' the matter an' comin' to no conclusion, fer Kelly had reached no daycison himself, whin up spoke Biddy Winn.

"We're a-takin' it fer granted," she says, "that Roman is goin' to be a tinder an' lovin' husband, whilst Jawn will be free with the stick; but," an' she spoke very solemn, "from phwat I have seen av men, an' 'tis enough, I have discovered that they are like drames an' apt to go by contraries. So, as far as I can see, we've nothin' to go on."

Well, the—what y' may call it—the logic av her words sthruck us haird an' threw us into such consternation as niver was, an' fast as we cud throw a shawl apiece over our heads we was off to Kelly.

Whin we had towld him phwat Biddy had said, he spoke no wurrd, but took his pipe from the bench beside him, prodded the tobacco into it careful with his thumb, lighted it, an' thin sat squintin' his eyes at the wall.

"I see," says he, "that this is aven a more sayrious matter than I thought; but 'tis not beyant me powers. Av coorse 'tis a very delicate affair, an' must be handled careful. It must," speakin' quite stern, "be left intirely in me hands, with no interference nor back talk."

the help an' cooperation av the Little People."

He smiled very quare an' said nothin'. He was a man av few wurds always.

An' wud ye belave it, bright an' airly the next mornin' Sheila, she come smilin' into his shop. "I've danced till daylight," she says, "an' cud kape on all day; but not wance did I dance with ayther Jawn or Roman, an' ye should have seen their rage an' fury." An' she threw back her head an' laughed loud an' long. Thin she leaned across the bench, "Do ye niver wish



SHEILA DREW HERSELF UP SCORNFUL

"Back talk!" says Mary, liftin' her hands and rollin' up her eyes. "If ye will take the job off our hands, ye will have the everlastin' blessin' av four poor gurrils that's most crazy."

"Whist, thin," he answers. "Go about yer wurruk with light hairts an' aisy consciences. I engage now to arrange this so that iverybody shall be satisfied. Jawn an' Roman will not be jealous wan av the other. Sheila will be contint. Ye shall have no more bother. Phwat more cud ye ask?"

"If ye do that, Donovan Kelly," says I, "'twill niver be by yer own wisdom. Phwat yer promisin' so free can only be done with

to be young, Misther Kelly?" she asks with her face very close to his.

"I've had me day," he answers very cool, "an' 'tis contint I am. Let the young shake their feet an' get overheated in the dance if they wish. I quarrel with no man's mate, but I choose me own vittles, an' since ye ask me, I will tell ye as I've towld ye before that I prefer to sit by me quiet little fire, shmokin' me pipe, readin' the news av the day, an' talkin' now an' thin to Fayther Murray."

"An' do ye niver tire av the single life?" she asks in a low, small voice.

"Niver!" he answers emphatic. "I was married wance. There is an ould sayin',

'tis from the Holy Scriptures, I belave, 'The Lord gave, an' the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name av the Lord.'"

"Humph!" How she tossed her head! But Sheila is very pairsistent. "Misther Kelly," she says after a bit, "if ye had a wife, wud ye bate her?"

"There's other ways av makin' a woman behave besides batin' her; but if she was so contrairy as to make me life miserable, I wud not scruple to use the stick—although in moderation," he rayplies.

That kep' her quiet a while an' thin the the daredevil spirit in her rayturned. "Ye have not noticed me fine, new, red dress," says she, lookin' at him very swate. "Do I look nice in it?"

"Fair," he answers careless, cranin' his neck to look out av the window. "There goes Rosie Keenan. Now she's a pritty gurril, Sheila, an' always as swate an' good-natured as a May mornin'."

"Rosie Keenan!" Sheila drew herself up scornful. "'Tis a poor, spiritless thing she is. Now I have timperamint."

"Phwat?" he asks.

"Timperamint. All the Irish has it but you, an' I'm thinkin' that ye are no Irish."

"Me name gives ye the lie, Sheila, an' 'timper' is the wurrd, not 'timperamint.'"

"The b'ys don't care much fer Rosie, fer all ye think her so pritty."

"'Tis fools they are thin," still as cool as a cucumber. "An', Sheila, don't ye be so tuk in with their flattery."

Och, she rose upsomethin' terrible, her cheeks red as fire an' her eyes snappin'.

"'Tis fer the last time ye see me, Donovan Kelly. Niver more will I cross yer threshold. Ye have insulted me wance too often, an' now 'tis good-by foriver." An' with that

she picked up a pair av shoes that set on the bench beside him, an' threw thim an the flure with all her might. Thin stoppin' only to give his torty-shell cat a box over the ears, she flounced out av the dure, slammin' it so haird that she almost bruk the windows.

Well, thrue as I'm a standin' here, it was not two hours till she was back again. She opened the dure slow and aisy an' walked in very quiet an' subdued. There she stood in the middle av the flure; but Kelly, he paid no attintion to her whativver.

"I'm sorry I slapped yer cat!" says Sheila dayfiant-like, but Kelly says niver a wurrd, actin' like she wasn't there at all.

Well, prisintly she began to sob an' cry. "Ochone!" she says, "no wan iver had the throuble that I have. 'Tis from the fryin'-pan to the fire an' back again till I'm dizzy with the exercise. I have just learned," wipin' off the tears that thrickle down her cheeks, "that me kind friends have chose ye to daycide the question av me future."

"'Tis thrue," says he.

"An' ye don't think me pritty nor nice nor annything. Ye say that I have the terrible timper. An' well I know that ye'll be givin' me to the worse man; but I tell ye now, Donovan Kelly, an' I tell ye fer good an' all, I will marry nayther av thim. 'Tis in a convint I shall spind me days—bad cess to ye."

Kelly stood up facin' her. "Sheila," he says, with somethin' in his voice she had niver heard before. "Do ye think I wud let



The Long Arm of Mannister

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

II. Traske and the Bracelet

Illustrated by Frank Snapp

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The first part of "The Long Arm of Mannister" appeared in the October issue. These stories are connected through a main idea which may be briefly explained to the reader. Mannister is the victim of a band of conspirators, who have sought to bring about his ruin. Undaunted by the great odds against him, Mannister sets out to overcome his enemies. Circumstances are such that he is obliged to map out an entirely different plan of procedure against each of the conspirators. In doing this he shows himself a man of wonderful ingenuity and resource. The quest takes him to many parts of the world, and causes him to meet with some remarkable and exciting adventures.

THE glitter of glass and perfume of flowers, the music of women's laughter, the sparkle of jewels upon white bosoms, all the nameless air of content and well-being which pervades such a restaurant as Luigi's during the holy hour of all Englishmen—the hour when he dines. The little orchestra, whose soft, restrained playing was one of the charms of the place, had just finished the "Salut d'Amour." Smoothly shining heads were bent toward more elaborate coiffures; whispers and smiles and glances, lit with meaning, flashed backward and forward between occupants of the small tables. Dark-visaged maitres d'hôtel, deft and eager, watched the scene with interest. At one table only, a large round one near the door, were there any signs of dissatisfaction.

The table was laid for four, and there were but three men present. They represented the obvious attitude of waiting for the tardy guest. The oldest of the party, baldheaded, with gold-rimmed spectacles, pink cheeks, and smooth-shaven face, looked continually at his watch and bent forward to watch every new arrival. The two other men were talking together in earnest whispers.

Luigi himself came up to the table, and bowed to his customers with all the ease of a long acquaintance. "Mr. Polsover is late this evening, gentlemen," he remarked. "You think that he will come, eh? You see it is half-past eight, and the dinner was ordered for eight o'clock punctual."

"I'm hanged if we'll wait any longer, Luigi," declared the man with the gold-rimmed spectacles. "Tell them to serve up dinner. By the by, have either of you fellows seen Dicky to-day?"

"I saw him only an hour or so ago," declared Traske—Traske, the junior of the party, in white waistcoat and tie of the latest pattern, sleek, well groomed, immaculate, after the amazing fashion of the struggling stock-broker. "He was in at Poole's trying a coat on, and we walked down the arcade."

"Say anything about to-night?" the other asked.

"Only that we should meet again later. By Jove, here he is! Polsover, you reprobate! Do you know the time?"

They all turned toward him with a little chorus of protests and questions. And then as suddenly there was silence. The new arrival, tall, slim, and darker than the average Englishman, was slowly unwinding his scarf and passing his hat to the attendant. The eyes of the three men were fastened upon his face. Traske passed a cocktail across the table.

"Have a drink, old chap," he said.

Polsover took the glass, and held it with difficulty to lips almost as pale as the white kid gloves which as yet he had not removed. He drained it, and set it down. Then he took his place at the table. The silence was strained and unnatural.

Waiters and maitres d'hôtel melted away for a moment. Traske leaned across the table. His voice was lowered almost to a

whisper—a whisper which, notwithstanding all his efforts, was hoarse and shaky. The words came out with a jerk, harsh, staccato.

"What's wrong, Polsover?"

Polsover glanced around half fearfully. His face was still the color of chalk. He leaned across the table, and the heads of the four men were close together. "Mannister is in London," he whispered. "I have seen him. I believe that he is coming here."

Something unique in the way of oaths broke from the lips of the man with the gold-rimmed spectacles, who presided over the little gathering. The other two simply stared. It was incredible, astounding! They neglected for the first few moments even to ask him the obvious questions. Then the coming of a waiter imposed upon them the ghastly necessity of concealing their terror. Conversation of some sort was necessary. Polsover spoke of wine, and ordered the magnum which stood in the ice-pail by their side to be immediately opened. Never were glasses raised to the lips and drained more eagerly. Polsover, who had had time to realize this thing, was now the most self-possessed of the party.

"I went into the bar at the Savoy," he explained, "to have an *apéritif* before coming across. He was there, in traveling-clothes—just arrived I should think. I nearly went through the floor."

"What did he say? Did he speak to you?" Traske asked.

"Just as though we had parted yesterday," Polsover declared. "I—I had a drink with him."

The thing was driven home to them now beyond a doubt. Polsover had stood before the bar and drunk with him. No one could do that with a ghost.

"He asked—after everybody," Polsover continued, "just as though he had been away for a week-end. He said that he was coming on here—when he had changed."

Hambledon drank his third glass of champagne, and made a brave attempt to break through the stupefaction which seemed to have clouded the intellects of all of them. Hambledon was the man in the gold-rimmed spectacles, who seemed to play the host.

"Look here," he said, "we're not a pack of babies, to be scared to death just because one man's come back from the dead. Mannister can't eat us. We've played it low-down against him, but we're inside the

law. He can't know much. If Sinclair and he have ever come face to face, there was more shooting than talking done. I doubt if he knows anything. Remember, if he comes he is welcome. Not too much surprise, mind—and no explanations to-night."

"About the mine?" Traske asked hoarsely.

"Silence!" Hambledon declared.

Then they heard Luigi's little cry of surprise merge into one of welcome, and the thunderbolt fell. Tall and lean, with bronzed face and clear, sunburnt skin, Mannister, in his trim evening clothes, with an unchanging air of complete self-composure, seemed, as he slowly advanced toward them, a perfectly natural part of the place and its surroundings. Only, these four men who had known him intimately could detect some slight but significant change in the expression of the man who came so calmly forward to greet them.

"Mannister, by all that's wonderful!" Hambledon exclaimed, rising and holding out both his hands. "Mannister!" the others echoed, and rose to their feet.

There was a moment's pause of breathless expectancy. They felt that the next few seconds would decide the momentous question as to whether this man had come as friend or enemy. He himself seemed for some reason inclined to prolong the period of uncertainty. He stood quite still for an appreciable space of time, looking at the four men who had risen to their feet prepared to receive him with every appearance of good-fellowship, and yet, notwithstanding all their efforts, showing in their faces and manner something of the nervousness which they all felt.

With a little laugh, Mannister threw his coat to the cloak-room attendant who had followed him in, and leisurely drawing off his gloves, extended his hand to Hambledon. "Can you make room for an unexpected visitor?" he asked. "It's like old times to see a magnum of champagne. Hambledon, you haven't changed a bit. Traske, you are looking fit as ever. Jacobs, how are you? Where are you all with your dinner? I'll chip in if I may."

The key-note of their conversation was struck. Their welcome was more than effusive, it was almost uproarious. His glass was filled, and a place was hastily laid for him. There was no lack of conversation.

He had been away for more than a year. There were a hundred people to ask after, endless little pieces of news and gossip to retail to him. But the greater things they left alone. No mention was made of the reason for his sudden disappearance from the country, or of the man in search of whom he had gone. Nor did they speak of certain transactions which had taken place during his absence, but for which they knew very well that a day of reckoning must come. There were certain names, too, which Mannister left alone until dinner was almost over. Then he asked after them, one by one, and it seemed to the four men who answered, that there was something sinister in these inquiries, apparently so casual, and yet embracing just those men and no others.

"Colin Stevens is not here to-night, I see," Mannister began.

"He is over in Paris for a few weeks," Hambledon answered.

Mannister nodded. "And Rundermere, Phil Rundermere?" he asked.

"Phil's about as usual," Hambledon answered, "but a little down on his luck. He's had a very bad season's racing."

"John Dykes?"

"He may be in any moment," Traske declared, a little uneasily. "He doesn't often dine with us. He's had gout badly, and he's trying a diet cure."

Hambledon drank a glass of wine during the momentary silence that followed. He felt the perspiration breaking out upon his forehead. These names and no others! There must be a purpose in it. Seven of the eight, including those who were present, had already been inquired for. There was only one left. If he should ask for her and no one else, they would know that it was war. They would know that their danger was no fancied one.

"And last, but not least," Mannister asked, looking intently into the contents of his glass, "la belle Sophy, Mrs. De la Mere, unless she has changed her name?"

"She is dining here to-night," Hambledon answered. "She is sitting immediately behind you."

Mannister smiled. "Presently," he said, "I must pay my respects to her. It is very interesting to hear about so many old friends."

Then he was silent for several moments, still apparently watching the bubbles rise in his champagne-glass, and the four men stole

glances at one another. He had asked after them all, all the eight! They could no longer doubt that it was war.

Coffee and liqueurs were set before them. Already half the diners in the place had left. Mannister glanced at the clock.

"Half-past nine," he said. "Remember that I have been away from London a year. What does one do now? Have we any——?"

He glanced meaningly at Hambledon, who shook his head. "No, no!" he said. "There is nothing of that sort on just now. We might go to a music-hall for an hour, and around to Cumberland Mansions afterward, all of us except Ben, that is. Ben is a reformed character. In fact, this is something in the way of a farewell dinner. Ben is going to be married next month to somebody very young and very rich."

Traske was obviously annoyed. "Don't listen to Hambledon's rot," he said, "but that reminds me. I must be off."

Mannister stretched out a detaining hand. "Don't hurry," he said. "Remember that your old friends too have claims. By the by, what about Sophy de la Mere?"

Traske was uncomfortable, and showed it. Such questioning from anyone else he would have resented at once. "Oh, Sophy's all right," he declared. "Not likely to round upon an old pal."

Sophy herself appeared, radiant in white lace, a picture hat, and a feather boa. She, perhaps, more than any of them, had suffered from nerves when first she had seen Mannister enter the restaurant, but she had had time to get over it, and she was a woman. So she came up to him with outstretched hands and a brilliant smile. It was simpler to treat his absence as something quite ordinary, to ignore those things concerning which speech was difficult.

"Back again to Babylon, my friend," she said lightly. "Welcome home! I am delighted to see you."

Mannister stood and smiled down upon her, his hand resting on the back of his chair. "I see that your friends," he remarked, "have dispersed. Won't you sit down and have some coffee with us? It will be quite like old times."

"On one condition," she answered, "and that is that you all come around to my rooms afterward. Dicky is going to South Africa to-morrow, and we are going to give him a send-off, music and bridge and a

riotous time generally. You'll all come, won't you? If you say yes I'll sit down, and we can all go back together."

"I shall be charmed," Mannister answered. "I do not think that any of us could refuse such an invitation."

His glance rested as though by accident upon Traske, who was suddenly conscious of a feeling of apprehension for which he could not account. "I am afraid," he said, rising, "that I shall have to be excused. I was just explaining to Mannister here——"

"You will not be excused," Mrs. De la Mere said quietly. "You are coming, Ben. I insist upon it."

There was a moment's silence. No one else intervened. They recognized that the disposal of Traske's evening had suddenly become a matter of some import.

"I am sorry," Traske began, but without any conviction in his tone, "but I really have an important engagement this evening. If to-morrow evening or——"

"No other evening will do," Mrs. De la Mere said. "I am thinking of leaving town myself almost directly, so this may very well be a farewell party in more senses than one. You must come, Ben."

Traske resumed his seat, but his face was troubled. Hambleton whispered in Mannister's ear: "Extraordinary thing about Ben. He made up to a little girl somewhere in the suburbs just because she had a lot of money, and upon my word I believe it's coming off. Talks of chucking the city and town life, and going to live in the country."

"Is he honest, do you suppose?" Mannister asked.

Hambleton smiled—an unpleasant smile his. "Until he gets hold of the money. He's got round the girl somehow or other, I suppose. She's very pretty and very pious, and that's all we know about her. He's taken good care to keep her away from all of us."

Mannister leaned back in his chair and smiled to himself thoughtfully. He glanced across at Traske, and the smile deepened, although there was little mirth in it.

In the vestibule of the restaurant, Sophy de la Mere drew Mannister to one side. "I want you to ride home with me," she said. "The others can follow us in hansoms."

Mannister bowed. "I shall be charmed,

of course," he said, and followed her across the pavement into the little electric coupé. She raised her veil as they moved off, and he looked at her critically. She had certainly aged, and there was more powder upon her cheeks than she had used a year ago.

"Look here," she said, "I know very well that your coming back means no good to any of us. I watched you come, and I watched the others' faces. They are scared out of their lives, but I don't suppose they have had the pluck to talk to you as I mean to. We served you a low-down, miserable trick, a trick that no man is likely to forgive. We gambled upon your never being able to show yourself in England again, and you see we lost. Don't think I am going to cry off for my share. I know very well you're not the forgiving sort."

Mannister looked at her curiously. "If one might venture to inquire——" he began.

"Don't interrupt me," she continued. "We have only a few minutes, and I want to make the most of them. You're back here to get even with all of us, and I have a sort of an idea that you'll do it. You can't collect our heads or reputations, or whatever you mean to strike at, into one, and destroy them at one blow. You'll have to take us separately. Have you any choice as to the order?"

Mannister began to understand. He thrust his hand into his breast coat pocket, and drew from a small pocketbook a folded strip of paper. He spread it open upon his knee, and moved a little so that the electric light at the back of the coupé fell upon it.

"You see here," he remarked, "a list of eight names. They are not in alphabetical order, as you will observe. You see who heads the list."

She peered forward. "Benjamin Traske!" she exclaimed.

He nodded, and replaced the paper in his pocket. "Are you not curious," he asked, "to see where yours comes?"

"Not I," she answered quickly. "When my turn comes I shall be ready. Listen. I am not offering to make a bargain with you. I want no mercy for what I did. If my name stands second upon that list, I am ready even now to tell you to do your worst. But of my own free will I offer you this." She touched with her slim forefinger the place where the paper had been. "I will help you with that first name."

He smiled. "So you do not like the idea," he remarked, "of our friend Benjamin's marriage?"

"I do not," she answered. "To tell you the truth, I do not mean that marriage to take place."

"You would prefer," he suggested softly, "that our young friend should find himself involved, perhaps——"

"Never mind that," she interrupted. "I have a scheme. I only ask you when the time comes to play up to me. The girl he is engaged to is a little puritan and a fool. I do not wish her to be miserable for life. When she understands what sort of a man Benjamin Traske really is, she will never look at him again."

Mannister nodded. "I will be ready," he answered. "When do you suppose this opportunity will come?"

"To-night!" she whispered in his ear. "You will understand presently."

The coupé had drawn up before the block of flats in which she lived. Mannister helped his companion to alight, and as they passed into the building, the other hansoms turned into the square. Traske, who was the last to alight, stood for a moment upon the pavement, looking across the square to where the wind was moving softly in the tops of the blossoming lime-trees. A faint breath of their perfume reached him where he stood, and brought with it sudden swift thoughts of a garden not so very far away, a quaint, old-fashioned walled garden, full of sweet-smelling flowers, shadowy corners, and seats in unexpected places. Even now she would be walking there waiting for him. A sudden passionate distaste for the sort of evening which lay before him checked his footsteps even as he turned away. He could see it all through those dark, curtained windows—the little rooms, overscented, overhot; the soft, sense-stirring music; the dancing, not quite such as one would see in a ballroom; the champagne, the flushed faces, the sense of subtle excitement, unwholesome, ignoble. It was the first time he had felt any such revulsion, and he knew very well that it was only a temporary one. These had been his pleasures, this the manner of his life. He had looked for nothing better, desired nothing better. He had lived all his days as one of the herd, and he knew it. To-night he was suddenly conscious of a hopeless, passionate desire to get away. Almost he fancied that he could

hear the girl's voice calling to him softly, calling him away forever from all the things that lay across the threshold of Mrs. De la Mere's flat. He turned abruptly round. In a moment he would have crossed the square. Suddenly a hand fell upon his shoulder. He turned round to find Mannister there.

"My dear fellow," Mannister said, "they're all in the lift waiting for you. What are you doing moon-gazing out here?"

"I have a headache," Traske answered. "I am going home."

Mannister's hand tightened on his shoulder like a vise. "No," he said, "I think not. You are coming with me."

Inside, the evening passed very much as many an evening before had passed. A little orchestra was tucked away in a corner of the larger of Mrs. De la Mere's sitting-rooms. Furniture was pushed back. They danced when they felt so inclined, they sat about and talked. On the sideboard in the smaller room were many bottles of champagne, which, however, grew steadily less. Several young ladies connected with the theatrical profession had been summoned from their rooms, and other friends whom Mrs. De la Mere had invited kept coming and going.

Traske, after an hour or so of weariness, yawned. Mrs. De la Mere herself took him aside, and made him open champagne for her. When he came back to dance his face was flushed, and his whole manner changed. He had forgotten all about the garden in the suburbs, and those other things which had troubled him for a moment. At thirty-five it is hard to reform. So the music went faster. The air was blue with cigarette smoke, faces were flushed and hot, voices not altogether steady. Only two people remained unchanged, and they were Mannister and Mrs. De la Mere. Polsover, in whose honor the feast was given, sat upon the table, which had been pushed into a corner of the room, with a bottle of champagne in one hand and a glass in the other.

"We'll lock the doors," he declared. "We won't let a soul out till eight o'clock, and then we'll all go around to breakfast at my place."

"You may stay as late as you like," Mrs. De la Mere answered "but the orchestra

must go at three. They don't allow music afterward."

"We will dance in the street," Polsover declared. "Remember, it's my last night in England."

Nevertheless, presently a few people began to slip away. Traske, who had been left alone for a minute, moved suddenly to the window of the smaller room, which chanced to be empty, and throwing it open, leaned out. A rush of night air upon his face, cool, delicious, brought to his uncertain brain some glimmering apprehension of those other things, the memory of which had troubled him once before. He moved resolutely to a corner, took up his overcoat and hat, and had reached the door before a shout assailed him. It was Hambleton who had suddenly called attention to his going, and the others' all streamed through the doorway.

"You sneak, Ben!" Mrs. De la Mere cried, "trying to steal away without even saying good night to your hostess! I'm ashamed of you. Come back at once, sir, and take off that coat."

Traske looked as though he had been surprised in something worse than a mere attempt to make his escape from a scene of which he had suddenly tired. His face was flushed, and he looked confused. He muttered something about the rooms being hot and having a headache, and he still tried to go.

Mannister laid his hand upon Traske's shoulder. "We can't spare you, Traske," he said; "positively we can't spare you yet. Do you mean to say that you were going without even wishing your hostess good night!"

There was no opportunity for Traske to reply, there was no opportunity just then for anyone else in the room to say a word. From the other room came Miss Bella Delmain, a burning spot of color in her cheeks, her eyes bright with anger, her voice shrill with passion.

"My bracelet!" she cried. "I took it off only ten minutes ago, and it is gone. Don't let anyone leave the room. Lock the doors, please, until my bracelet is found."

Mrs. De la Mere turned round quickly. "You don't mean your diamond bracelet, Bella?" she exclaimed.

"I do!" was the excited response. "It cost five hundred pounds. Some one has taken it, some one who is in the room now.

If this is a joke, for heaven's sake drop it, I want my bracelet back. Do you hear, all of you? Who has it?"

There was a dead silence. The musicians had left off playing. Everyone was drawing toward the little group, of which Bella Delmain was the center. Mannister intervened.

"Where did you leave the bracelet?" he asked.

"On the piano, not ten minutes ago," was the quick reply.

"It may have slipped down," some one suggested, and a search was made. They moved the piano, they shook the music-books, they went on hands and knees upon the carpet, but there was no bracelet to be found.

Mannister spoke again, and this time his voice was grave. "This is a very unpleasant thing," he said. "With your permission, Mrs. De la Mere, we will lock the doors."

Traske objected vigorously. "Such rot!" he exclaimed. "The girl will find the bracelet in a moment or two, probably upon her arm. I want to go. Do you hear, Mannister?"

Mannister eyed him coldly. "I am afraid," he said, "that you will have to curb your impatience. Ladies and gentlemen," he added, turning back into the room, "this is a most unpleasant affair, and there is only one way out of it. First of all we must search the room, and then we must search one another."

Traske, who was more than half drunk, shook the knob of the door with his hand. "Rubbish!" he exclaimed. "I won't be searched, and I won't stop here while you go through such an absurd performance. Do you hear, I want to go home!"

Mannister turned toward him, smiling, and at that moment Traske felt the blood run cold in his veins. There was something in Mannister's face which he did not understand; something which seemed ominous in the faint complacent smile with which he was regarded. Vaguely he felt that he was in some sort of danger, that he was trapped, and that Mannister knew all about it, and for a moment he lost control of himself.

"Give me the key, curse you, Mannister!" he cried. "I am not going to stay for this buffoonery."

Mannister caught him by the shoulders and addressed him with mock gravity.



MRS. DE LA MERE FACED HIM. "I CAN STAND A GREAT DEAL," SHE SAID COLDLY, "FROM THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN MY FRIENDS, BUT SUCH A THEFT AS THIS, IN MY OWN ROOMS, PASSES EVEN MY FORGIVENESS"

"My young friend," he said, "you will excuse me, but you will certainly not leave here until you have undergone the same search as we others are willing to submit to. As you are in so great a hurry, however, and as you were on the point of bidding us a somewhat uncereceremonious farewell, we will consult your convenience by searching you first."

Then Traske knew what was coming, and his knees shook and his cheeks were ashen pale. He was not even surprised when the bracelet was drawn from his breast pocket. He looked wildly around and saw the same thing in every face. "I never took it!" he cried. "My overcoat was on the floor, and some one must have put the bracelet there. Sophy, Mannister, Hambledon, you don't really believe that I stole it?"

But there was no reply from any one of the three. Only Mrs. De la Mere crossed the room swiftly, and pressed the electric button.

"What is that for?" Traske cried. "What are you going to do?"

Mrs. De la Mere faced him. "I can stand a great deal," she said coldly, "from those who have been my friends, but such a theft as this, in my own rooms, passes even my forgiveness. John," she added, turning to the night-porter who had answered the bell, "I want you to call up a policeman, please."

Traske raved, and struggled to escape, but Mannister's hand was like a vise upon

his shoulder. The musicians and the few remaining guests hurried away by the other door. When the policeman arrived, only Bella Delmain, Mrs. De la Mere, Mannister, and Traske himself were left.

Traske fell on his knees. "You are not going to charge me with this," he cried. "You know very well that it will ruin me."

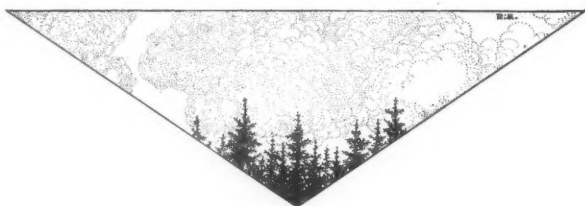
Mannister smiled. Already they could hear the heavy footsteps ascending the stairs. "It may ruin you," he said, "but it will at least save that unfortunate young woman whom you were talking of marrying, from making a fatal mistake."

Traske understood then, and his face was white with despair. "You are going through with this?" he gasped. "You are going to have me convicted?"

Mannister shook his head. "Not necessarily," he said. "The evidence will probably be insufficient. But before a magistrate you certainly will go, and everyone who pays a penny for a newspaper to-morrow will know how you spent the evening."

Curiously enough, Mannister's words were prophetic. Traske was somewhat reluctantly discharged in the morning by a magistrate who obviously believed him guilty. The young lady in the garden was hurried off to Switzerland by her aunt, and Mannister, taking a sheet of paper from his pocket, deliberately drew a firm thick line through the first name.

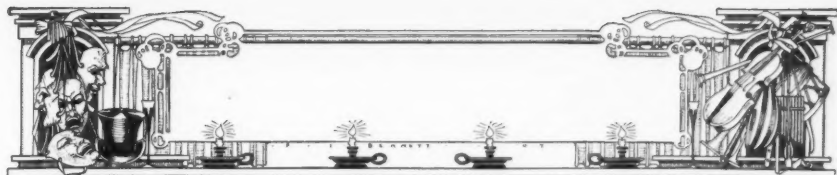
The third part of "*The Long Arm of Mannister*" will appear in December.



Illumination

By William Hamilton Hayne

As sometimes from a single spark
Leaps forth a fire where all was dark,
So from a moment's vital need
Springs, flame-like, an immortal deed.



English Beauty on the Stage

By Alan Dale

THE REMARKABLE ENDURANCE OF THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S BEAUTY, AS COMPARED WITH THAT OF HER EMOTIONAL AMERICAN SISTER, AND THE FIDELITY OF THE ENGLISH TO ONE TYPE



MAY I frivol—just for once? That is to say, may I dally on the outskirts of that tremendously vital issue, the drama, and discuss, not temperament, or soul, or psychic intuition, but that which covers them all? May I talk of the surely international issue of—just pretty maiden, and make my recent gambols abroad the justification thereof? And without running further into this abyss of interrogation marks, may I ask if, after all, pretty maiden is not a vital issue, and a tremendous one at that? I fear, and I think, that she is. She is, in fact, terribly vital, and quite awfully tremendous.

You must have noticed long ago that in my nature there is much repose. I scorn to cause discussion, and I hate to pen words that arouse dissension. I love to be read somnolently—in a hammock, as it were—and to awaken no ideas but those of peace and poetic tranquillity. Of course you have noticed that, or I have failed in a signal and disastrous way.

When I went recently through the highways and byways of London, I found myself hedged in by musical comedy. Of serious drama there was little or nothing. Managers who went abroad to see plays, returned without seeing them, for the all-sufficing reason that there was none to see. But the light and frothy "show" abounded, in an

almost unseemly abundance, and I found myself confronted with a no more intellectual occupation than that of gazing at types of beauty carefully selected by men-managers. No, I do not say that it was a displeasing occupation. Why should I utter so futile a remark? I merely see myself in duty bound to assert that it was not intellectual. Surely it was not. It is the duty of a dramatic reviewer to be intellectual, or to snuff out. Just for this once let me be no dramatic reviewer.

What struck me most particularly was the fact that in spite of our extreme pride in our own national types of loveliness—a pride that is justified, if mere pride may ever be justified—I discovered so many delightful giri-pictures in London, all models of youth, Christmas-card prettiness, and doll-like perfection of feature, that it seemed as though a deliberate effort were being made to oust the palm from the American girl.

A callous and disgruntled English critic actually came out the other day with this terrific arraignment of our lovely sex: "I shall assert, though it were at the risk of my life, that the American woman is not always beautiful. I shall go further and say that for one beautiful woman per thousand of population in America, we can produce three in England and four or five in Ireland. Furthermore, the English or the Irish beauty will last you three times as long as the American variety, and in point of fact it seldom

wanes, whereas in America feminine beauty invariably passes, and passes quickly."

This cold-blooded allusion to the endurance of beauty, as though it were a coat or a skirt that would "last you" through a prescribed number of seasons, is really the essential point in the whole discussion. And though the aforesaid critic may not be aware of the fact, this statement is no compliment to the Englishman's discretion.

That London is full of charming women nobody will deny. I was astonished myself at the musical-comedy showing of beautiful types. But the very cruelty of this type of beauty lies precisely in the fact (which my above-mentioned critic sets forth as a great mark of worth) that it wears well. It does. The English maiden is fitted with attributes that cause her to wear well, just as the Nuremberg doll wears well. She is as placid as the surface of a June lake; she is as unruffled as the depths of a sequestered mill-pond. She is as emotional as the perfectly chiseled wax figure in the window of a fashionable hair-dresser's shop. Her soul is as completely disguised as is her figure. Both seem flat, stale, and unprofitable. No turbulence of movement adds wrinkles to her smooth and velvet features. She declines to vary. She is above or below a standard. The standard is that of a pensive madonna, who accepts life for what it is and disdains to add to its burdens by the mere "ginger" of vivacity.

She is very lovely, very sad, and very perfect. She keeps young for ages, until you tire to death of her. Once a beauty, always a beauty, in London. It is the very loyalty of symmetry. Mentally, she takes the rest cure, and it is the mentality that wears beauty into rags. There are dozens of Lillian Russells in London. And how they wear! I have seen them positively refusing to accept the edict of time. I have noted erstwhile charmers like Violet Cameron and Phyllis Broughton, the hit of playgoers who have grown old and bald and horrid, still displaying a beauty that declines to evaporate. Still using the idea suggested by the critic I quoted above, I ask: Who would like a coat that never wore out? Who would purchase a skirt that lasted forever? Has endurance any value beyond that of a mere physical feat, and who would not sooner watch the play of emotion and the tumult of human thrill in the face of a less perfect woman, one who had no war to

wage with time, and was satisfied with pulsing through her little day as tempestuously as possible?

London, unlike New York, is not cosmopolitan. It does not tolerate any but its own style of beauty. The American girl who is acclaimed for her loveliness in England is not acclaimed because she is differently beautiful; merely because she approaches the English standard as much as possible. No American girl in years has acquired the vogue of the stage-lost Edna May. Hers was the style of soulless beauty that the English love. Her success was due to the fact that she did *not* look comparatively American—contrary to what many deluded writers have suggested—and I mention this fact because it will be useful to would-be London conquerors to digest.

The American beauty is a curio abroad. She is looked upon with the tolerance accorded to the sirens of France and Italy, as something interesting, and good for the cause of variety. The London manager harks back readily to the accepted London type, and nobody can take her place in London, for she is a fixture. She belongs to the peculiar qualities of the soil, and her spectacular qualities are rated far above her dramatic possibilities, which are usually nil.

Oddly enough, American managers in London get into the English atmosphere so quickly that they lose their point of view—just as many American critics in London are prone to do. Nothing is easier than to lose one's point of view. It is, in fact, difficult, when in a foreign country, to adhere to the native form of thought. For that reason the English beauty is, and will be, imported into this country, as she has been in the past, and—all hail to the cosmopolitan qualities of New York—always with success. The English beauty "goes" here, because she *is* unlike the American type. Here, when we import anything, we want something that we can't get at home. In London, when they import anything, they want something as nearly like the native article as possible. The reception of a type here and abroad is wonderfully and sublimely different.

The American girl who goes to London is asked to modify herself to suit the English taste. She is asked to reform her accent, to cultivate repose, and to disfigure herself in ill-fitting clothes that rob her of a figure. She is requested to stick feathers, and



OLIVE MAY, ONE OF THE BEAUTIES OF THE FAMOUS GAITY THEATER, LONDON



GABRIEL RAY, A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF THE ONLY TYPE OF BEAUTY THE ENGLISH
PEOPLE WILL RECOGNIZE



JEAN AYLWIN IN "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG." A VERY POPULAR MUSICAL COMEDY
RUNNING AT THE GAIETY THEATER



IRIS HOEY, ONE OF THE CHARMING COMEDIENNES IN THE MUSICAL COMEDIES
OF DALY'S THEATER, LONDON



LILY ELSIE AS SONIA IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF "THE MERRY WIDOW." THE
GREATEST POPULAR MUSICAL SUCCESS OF MODERN TIMES



ALEXANDRA CARLISLE, LEADING WOMAN IN "THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET" AT THE
PLAYHOUSE, LONDON



MARIE LÖHR, THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD LEADING WOMAN IN THE LONDON
PRODUCTION OF "MY WIFE"



ETHEL OLIVER, ONE OF THE FAVORITES OF THE GAIETY COMPANY



GLADYS PURNELL IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF THE "MORALS OF MARCUS"



MAUDE DARRELL OF THE VAUDEVILLE THEATER, LONDON. A TYPE OF BEAUTY
THAT IS "AS ENGLISH AS ROAST BEEF"

flowers, and crowns, and tiaras in her hair, and to disguise the lines of her form in draperies that would look equally elegant on a plank. Here, the English girl is allowed to be English; she is preferably accepted as English; nothing is done forcibly to americanize her (though she americanizes herself willingly before she has been many moons in our gentle midst), for we want the type, and sniff at a cut-and-dried standard of perfection.

It is a one-sided arrangement. The ranks of American beauty are perpetually recruited from London; those of London are not allowed to budge. Moreover, our lists are incessantly changing, for the very reason that American beauty *does* wear out quickly. The American girl, unlike her English sister, has the charm of vivacity of motion, and of emotion. Her model is not that of the doll. Her surface is rarely still and unruffled. She goes through a few seasons of rampage and activity, and is old while her English sister is still in a state of unkaleidoscopic juvenility. And then—she is no longer needed. She is not trotted forth as a once-beauty. There is no loyalty to give her a continued existence. Out she goes—down and out. Her place is filled by others, younger, newer, more up-to-date. Some of us may look for her, but we cannot find her. Where does she go? Goodness only knows!

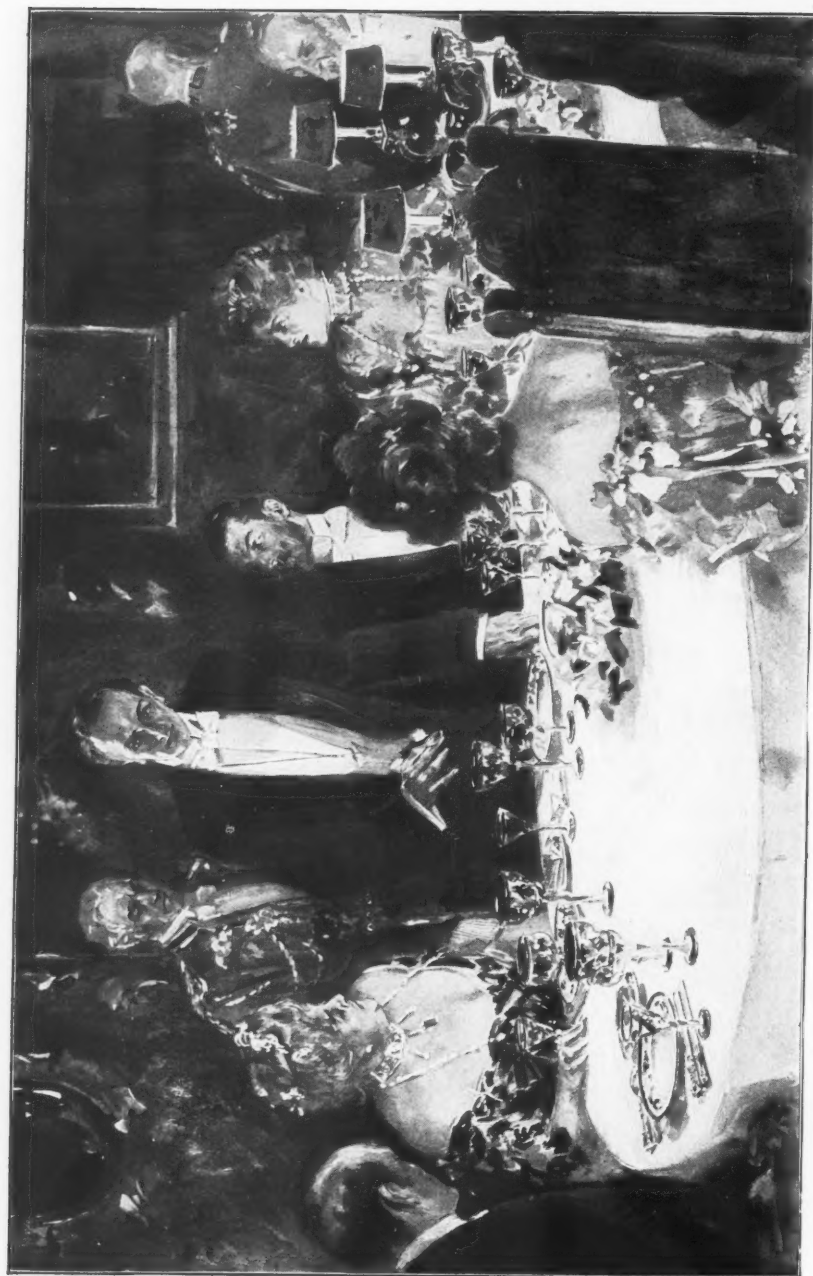
Even in London, of course, new girls occur from time to time. This year I saw a young actress called Marie Löhr, who played in "My Wife" at the Haymarket Theater the rôle that is played at the Empire Theater in New York by Miss Billie Burke. Miss Löhr was acclaimed because she precisely resembles nine out of ten of the English maidens. And she is said to be but seventeen years of age. Think of it! Go to England ten years from now, and you will see Marie Löhr. She will then be eighteen. Go to England twenty years from now, and you will see Marie Löhr. She may be five and twenty. I don't promise it, but she may be. And in a quarter of a century she will still be there—perhaps promoted to long skirts.

Oh, it is a pleasant condition of things! I do not deny it. It is reassuring to any girl, with charms of grace and form, to know that her charms will endure. But the beauty that by its very stress and strain is obliged to wear itself out has surely a more

sterling value. The American girl, if she were logical and cold and provident, could in her sheer self-defense emulate some of the qualities of her English sister. She would see the insecurity of her own position, due to her own lack of endurance and to the managerial idea of importing new types. She would grow fearful and apprehensive.

But she cannot help herself. She is not built that way. She is the result of many blended types, and she has the ingrained qualities of each. The consequence is that she blooms effulgently like a Gloire de Dijon rose; that she scatters her fragrance with the recklessness of improvidence; that she has a short, a merry, and a violent day, and that she passes out resignedly. She has none of the characteristics that resist wear and tear. She sings with the fury of her lungs; she acts with the fervor of her temperament. She dances with the abandon of her limbs, and—she is a wreck while the pretty little dear in London is just posing for her umpty-s'teenth batch of picture postcards. It is inevitable. She prolongs her life by a visit to London, for there she is forced to conform to the English ideas. She tones herself down, and then it is, to my mind, that she is sad. For she is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. She is not English, and she is no longer American. She is "faked up" in the London style, and she is a somewhat pitiful picture. The American girl in London succeeds, not as American, but as hybrid English. If anybody tells you otherwise, refer that body to me, for I know of what I am talking. The English girl, on the other hand, succeeds in this country because she is English.

Here is the wider outlook, the real cosmopolitan idea. Here the stage, regardless of loyalty to the individual, clamors for novelty, and gets it like a spoiled child. There they want novelty only when it isn't novelty. And the precious standard looms up with terrific import. Already you must shed your eccentricities, your little pet individualities, and your treasured peculiarities, and be just one of many. The American girl must grow pensive, doll-like, immobile, and saturate herself with repose. She may then ludicrously enough be advertised as an American type of beauty, whereas, as a matter of fact, she has lost herself in the ocean of pretty English girls, who—like the popular brand of tea—are "always good alike."



HE HAD ENTERED THE ROOM VERY QUIETLY, AND HE MADE NO ELABORATE APOLOGY FOR BEING LATE

(*"The King's Messenger"*)

The King's Messenger

By F. Marion Crawford

Illustrated by Frank Snapp

IT was a rather dim daylight dinner. I remember that quite distinctly, for I could see the glow of the sunset over the trees in the park, through the high window at the west end of the dining-room. I had expected to find a larger party, I believe, for I recollect being a little surprised at seeing only a dozen people assembled at table. It seemed to me that in old times, ever so long ago, when I had last stayed in that house, there had been as many as thirty or forty guests. I recognized some of them among a number of beautiful portraits that hung on the walls. There was room for a great many because there was only one huge window, at one end, and one large door at the other. I was very much surprised, too, to see a portrait of myself, evidently painted about twenty years ago by Lenbach. It seemed very strange that I should have so completely forgotten the picture, and that I should not be able to remember having sat for it. We were good friends, it is true, and he might have painted it from memory, without my knowledge, but it was certainly strange that he should never have told me about it. The portraits that hung in the dining-room were all very good indeed and all, I should say, by the best painters of that time.

My left-hand neighbor was a lovely young girl whose name I had forgotten, though I had known her long, and I fancied that she looked a little disappointed when she saw that I was beside her. On my right there was a vacant seat, and beyond it sat an elderly woman with features as hard as the overwhelmingly splendid diamonds she wore. Her eyes made me think of gray glass marbles cemented into a stone mask. It was odd that her name should have escaped me, too, for I had often met her.

The table looked irregular, and I counted the guests mechanically while I ate my soup. We were only twelve, but the empty chair beside me was the thirteenth place.

I suppose it was not very tactful of me to mention this, but I wanted to say something to the beautiful girl on my left, and no other subject for a general remark suggested itself. Just as I was going to speak I remembered who she was.

"Miss Lorna," I said, to attract her attention, for she was looking away from me toward the door, "I hope you are not superstitious about there being thirteen at table, are you?"

"We are only twelve," she said, in the sweetest voice in the world.

"Yes; but some one else is coming. There's an empty chair here beside me."

"Oh, he doesn't count," said Miss Lorna quietly. "At least, not for everybody. When did you get here? Just in time for dinner, I suppose."

"Yes," I answered. "I'm in luck to be beside you. It seems an age since we were last here together."

"It does indeed!" Miss Lorna sighed and looked at the pictures on the opposite wall. "I've lived a lifetime since I saw you last."

I smiled at the exaggeration. "When you are thirty, you won't talk of having your life behind you," I said.

"I shall never be thirty," Miss Lorna answered, with such an odd little air of conviction that I did not think of anything to say. "Besides, life isn't made up of years or months or hours, or of anything that has to do with time," she continued. "You ought to know that. Our bodies are something better than mere clocks, wound up to show just how old we are at every moment, by our hair turning gray and our teeth falling out and our faces getting wrinkled and yellow, or puffy and red! Look at your own portrait over there. I don't mind saying that you must have been twenty years younger when that was painted, but I'm sure you are just the same man to-day—improved by age, perhaps."

I heard a sweet little echoing laugh that

seemed very far away; and indeed I could not have sworn that it rippled from Miss Lorna's beautiful lips, for though they were parted and smiling my impression is that they did not move, even as little as most women's lips are moved by laughter.

"Thank you for thinking me improved," I said. "I find you a little changed, too. I was just going to say that you seem sadder, but you laughed just then."

"Did I? I suppose that's the right thing to do when the play is over, isn't it?"

"If it has been an amusing play," I answered, humoring her.

The wonderful violet eyes turned to me, full of light. "It's not been a bad play. I don't complain."

"Why do you speak of it as over?"

"I'll tell you, because I'm sure you will keep my secret. You will, won't you? We were always such good friends, you and I, even two years ago when I was young and silly. Will you promise not to tell anyone I'm gone?"

"Gone?"

"Yes. Will you promise?"

"Of course I will. But—" I did not finish the sentence, because Miss Lorna bent nearer to me, so as to speak in a much lower tone. While I listened, I felt her sweet young breath on my cheek.

"I'm going away to-night with the man who is to sit at your other side," she said. "He's a little late—he often is, for he is tremendously busy; but he'll come presently, and after dinner we shall just stroll out into the garden and never come back. That's my secret. You won't betray me, will you?"

Again, as she looked at me, I heard that far-off silver laugh, sweet and low. I was almost too much surprised by what she had told me to notice how still her parted lips were, but that comes back to me now, with many other details.

"My dear Miss Lorna," I said, "do think of your parents before taking such a step!"

"I have thought of them," she answered. "Of course they would never consent, and I am very sorry to leave them, but it can't be helped."

At this moment, as often happens when two people are talking in low tones at a large dinner-table, there was a momentary lull in the general conversation, and I was spared the trouble of making any further

answer to what Miss Lorna had told me so unexpectedly, and with such profound confidence in my discretion.

To tell the truth, she would very probably not have listened, whether my words expressed sympathy or protest, for she had turned suddenly pale, and her eyes were wide and dark. The lull in the talk at table was due to the appearance of the man who was to occupy the vacant place beside me.

He had entered the room very quietly, and he made no elaborate apology for being late, as he sat down, bending his head courteously to our hostess and her husband, and smiling in a gentle sort of way as he nodded to the others.

"Please forgive me," he said quietly. "I was detained by a funeral and missed the train."

It was not until he had taken his place that he looked across me at Miss Lorna and exchanged a glance of recognition with her. I noticed that the lady with the hard face and the splendid diamonds, who was at his other side, drew away from him a little, as if not wishing even to let his sleeve brush against her bare arm. It occurred to me at the same time that Miss Lorna must be wishing me anywhere else than between her and the man with whom she was just about to run away, and I wished for their sake and mine that I could change places with him.

He was certainly not like other men, and though few people would have called him handsome there was something about him that instantly fixed the attention; rarely beautiful though Miss Lorna was, almost everyone would have noticed him first on entering the room, and most people, I think, would have been more interested by his face than by hers. I could well imagine that some women might love him, even to distraction, though it was just as easy to understand that others might be strongly repelled by him, and might even fear him.

For my part, I shall not try to describe him as one describes an ordinary man, with a dozen or so adjectives that leave nothing to the imagination but yet offer it no picture that it can grasp. My instinct was to fear him rather than think of him as a possible friend, but I could not help feeling instant admiration for him, as one does at first sight for anything that is very complete, harmonious, and strong. He was dark, and pale with a shadowy pallor I never saw in any other face; the features of thrice-

great Hermes were not modeled in more perfect symmetry; his luminous eyes were not unkind, but there was something fateful in them, and they were set very deep under the grand white brow. His age I could not guess, but I should have called him young; standing, I had seen that he was tall and sinewy, and now that he was seated, he had the unmistakable look of a man accustomed to be in authority, to be heard and to be obeyed. His hands were white, his fingers straight, lean, and very strong.

Everyone at the table seemed to know him, but as often happens among civilized people no one called him by name in speaking to him.

"We were beginning to be afraid that you might not get here," said our host.

"Really?" The Thirteenth Guest smiled quietly, but shook his head. "Did you ever know me to break an engagement, under any circumstances?"

The master of the house laughed, though not very cordially, I thought. "No," he answered. "Your reputation for keeping your appointments is proverbial. Even your enemies must admit that."

The Guest nodded and smiled again. Miss Lorna bent toward me.

"What do you think of him?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"Very striking sort of man," I answered, in a low tone. "But I'm inclined to be a little afraid of him."

"So was I, at first," she said, and I heard the silver laugh again. "But that soon wears off," she went on. "You'll know him better some day!"

"Shall I?"

"Yes; I'm quite sure you will. Oh, I don't pretend that I fell in love with him at first sight! I went through a phase of feeling afraid of him, as almost everyone does. You see, when people first meet him they cannot possibly know how kind and gentle he can be, though he is so tremendously strong. I've heard him called cruel and ruthless and cold, but it's not true. Indeed it's not! He can be as gentle as a woman, and he's the truest friend in all the world."

I was going to ask her to tell me his name, but just then I saw that she was looking at him, across me, and I sat as far back in my chair as I could, so that they might speak to each other if they wished to. Their eyes

met, and there was a longing light in both—I could not help glancing from one to the other—and Miss Lorna's sweet lips moved almost imperceptibly, though no sound came from them. I have seen young lovers make that small sign to each other even across a room, the signal of a kiss given and returned in the heart's thoughts.

If she had been less beautiful and young, if the man she loved had not been so magnificently manly, it would have irritated me; but it seemed natural that they should love and not be ashamed of it, and I only hoped that no one else at the table had noticed the tenderly quivering little contraction of the young girl's exquisite mouth.

"You remembered," said the man quietly. "I got your message this morning. Thank you."

"I hope it's not going to be very hard," murmured Miss Lorna, smiling. "Not that it would make any great difference if it were," she added more thoughtfully.

"It's the easiest thing in life," he said, "and I promise that you shall never regret it."

"I trust you," the young girl answered simply.

Then she turned away, for she no doubt felt the awkwardness of talking to him across me of a secret which she had confided to me without letting him know that she had done so. Instinctively I turned to him, feeling that the moment had come for disregarding formality and making his acquaintance, since we were neighbors at table in a friend's house and I had known Miss Lorna so long. Besides, it is always interesting to talk with a man who is just going to do something very dangerous or dramatic and who does not guess that you know what he is about.

"I suppose you motored here from town, as you said you missed the train," I said. "It's a good road, isn't it?"

"Yes, I literally flew," replied the dark man, with his gentle smile. "I hope you're not superstitious about thirteen at table?"

"Not in the least," I answered. "In the first place, I'm a fatalist about everything that doesn't depend on my own free will. As I have not the slightest intention of doing anything to shorten my life, it will certainly not come to an abrupt end by any auto-suggestion arising from a silly superstition like that about thirteen."

"Autosuggestion? That's rather a new light on the old belief."

"And secondly," I continued, "I don't believe in death. There is no such thing."

"Really?" My neighbor seemed greatly surprised. "How do you mean?" he asked. "I don't think I understand you."

"I'm sure I don't," put in Miss Lorna, and the silver laugh followed. She had overheard the conversation, and some of the others were listening, too.

"You don't kill a book by translating it," I said, rather glad to expound my views. "Death is only a translation of life into another language. That's what I mean."

"That's a most interesting point of view," observed the Thirteenth Guest thoughtfully. "I never thought of the matter in that way before, though I've often seen the expression 'translated' in epitaphs. Are you sure that you are not indulging in a little paronomasia?"

"What's that?" inquired the hard-faced lady, with all the contempt which a scholarly word deserves in polite society.

"It means punning," I answered. "No, I am not making a pun. Grave subjects do not lend themselves to low forms of humor. I assure you, I am quite in earnest. Death, in the ordinary sense, is not a real phenomenon at all, so long as there is any life in the universe. It's a name we apply to a change we only partly understand."

"Learned discussions are an awful bore," said the hard-faced lady very audibly.

"I don't advise you to argue the question too sharply with your neighbor there," laughed the master of the house, leaning forward and speaking to me. "He'll get the better of you! He's an expert at what you call 'translating people into another language.'"

If the man beside me was a famous surgeon, as our host perhaps meant, it seemed to me that the remark was not in very good taste. He looked more like a soldier.

"Does our friend mean that you are in the army, and that you are a dangerous person?" I asked of him.

"No," he answered quietly. "I'm only a King's Messenger, and in my own opinion I'm not at all dangerous."

"It must be rather an active life," I said, in order to say something; "constantly coming and going, I suppose?"

"Yes, constantly."

I felt that Miss Lorna was watching and

listening, and I turned to her, only to find that she was again looking beyond me, at my neighbor, though he did not see her. I remember her face very distinctly as it was just then; the recollection is, in fact, the last impression I retain of her matchless beauty, for I never saw her after that evening.

It is something to have seen one of the most beautiful women in the world gazing at the man who was more to her than life and all it held; it is something I cannot forget. But he did not return her look just then, for he had joined in the general conversation, and very soon afterward he practically absorbed it.

He talked well; more than well, marvelously; for before long even the lady with the hard face was listening spellbound, with the rest of us, to his stories of nations and tales of men, brilliant descriptions, anecdotes of heroism and tenderness that were each a perfect coin from the mint of humanity, with dashes of daring wit, glimpses of a profound insight into the great mystery of the beyond, and now and then a manly comment on life that came straight from the heart: never, in all my long experience, have I heard poet, or scholar, or soldier, or ruler of men talk as he did that evening. And as I listened I was more and more amazed that such a man should be but a simple King's Messenger, as he said he was, earning a poor gentleman's living by carrying his majesty's despatches from London to the ends of the earth, and I made some sad and sober inward reflections on the vast difference between the gift of talking supremely well and the genius a man must have to accomplish even one little thing that may endure in history, in literature, or in art.

"Do you wonder that I love him?" whispered Miss Lorna.

Even in the whisper I heard the glorious pride of the woman who loves altogether and wholly believes that there is no one like her chosen man.

"No," I answered, "for it is no wonder. I only hope——" I stopped, feeling that it would be foolish and unkind to express the doubt I felt.

"You hope that I may not be disappointed," said Miss Lorna, still almost in a whisper. "That was what you were going to say, I'm sure."

I nodded, in spite of myself, and met

her eyes; they were full of a wonderful light.

"No one was ever disappointed in him," she murmured—"no living being, neither man, nor woman, nor child. With him I shall have peace and love without end."

"Without end?"

"Yes. Forever and ever!"

After dinner we scattered through the great rooms in the soft evening light of mid-June, and by and by I was standing at an open window, with the mistress of the house, looking out across the garden.

In the distance, Lorna was walking slowly away down the broad avenue with a tall man; and while they were still in sight, though far away, I am sure that I saw his arm steal round her as if he were drawing her on, and her head bent lovingly to his shoulder; and so they glided away into the twilight and disappeared.

Then at last I turned to my hostess. "Do you mind telling me the name of that man who came in late and talked so well?" I asked. "You all seemed to know him like an old friend."

She looked at me in profound surprise. "Do you mean to say that you do not know who he is?" she asked.

"No. I never met him before. He is a most extraordinary man to be only a King's Messenger."

"He is indeed the King's Messenger, my dear friend. His name is Death."

I dreamed this dream one afternoon last summer, dozing in my chair on deck, under the double awning, when the *Alda* was anchored off Goletta, in sight of Carthage, and the cool north breeze was blowing down the deep gulf of Tunis. I must have been wakened by some slight sound from a boat alongside, for when I opened my eyes my man was standing a little way off, evidently waiting till I should finish my nap. He brought me a telegram which had just come on board, and I opened it rather drowsily, not expecting any particular news.

It was from England, from a very dear friend.

Lorna died suddenly last night at Church Hadley.

That was all; the dream had been a message.

"With him I shall have peace and love without end."

Thank God, I hear those words in her own voice, whenever I think of her.



Night

By Lucia Chamberlain

NIGHT lies over my roof till the timbers crack.

His purple eye presses my window-pane,

His finger thrusts in the keyhole chink,

His long hair blows to the candle blink.

Not a niche of the world but is fulfilled of black.

I have kindled a spark in his face—he shall quench it again.

Take thy hand from my heart, take thy shadow from my back.

O night, take thy foot from my door!

Lo, man and the fire man hath kindled for light,

Shall neither avail over thee in thy might?

Dost thou ride my roof-beam evermore?

Across the hills how red upleaps the sun!

In the face of his glory black the shadows of men's bodies run.

Lo, night, I know thee now for all thou art—

The shadow of man's heart.

The Crucible

By Mark Lee Luther

Author of "The Henchman," "The Mastery," etc.

Illustrated by Hermann C. Wall

AMY'S DARK HOUR

JEAN entered the Lorna Doone with a sense of having known the place in some former life. Its braggart onyx, its rugs, its palms, all the veneer which went to make for "tone"—that fetish of the dentist—greeted her with a luster scarcely dimmed; the negro hall-boy flashed a toothful smile of recognition; and even a scratch, which their moving had left on the green denim by the flat door, had its keen associations.

It was a relief to lay eyes upon Amy, who had no close relationship to this dead yet risen past. Amy, poor wight, seemed related to nothing familiar. Easily flooding tears, which gushed afresh at sight of Jean, had washed her prettiness away.

"I knew you'd come," she whispered, clinging desperately. "Paul thought it was no use to ask, but I made him go. You're not mad at me, Jean, for sending? I've nobody else—not a soul."

Jean soothed her as she would a child, and leading her into a bedroom close at hand, made her lie down. No sooner did her head touch the pillow, however, than she struggled up again.

"I can't lie still," she pleaded. "Don't make me lie still. I tossed here all night. I can't rest. I must talk. I want you to know what's happened. I want you to tell me what to do. I must do something. It can't go on. I'll lose my mind. I'll die."

Jean drew the woebegone figure to her. "Tell me, Amy," she said gently. "Perhaps it isn't as black as it seems."

Amy rocked herself disconsolately. "It's blacker than it seems," she lamented. "Oh, if I'd never taken the flat! Fred never wanted me to do it. I've only myself to thank. I didn't know when I was well off."

"But what has the flat to do with your trouble?"

"Everything. I thought it would be heaven to keep house—my own house—but it's been a hell. Fred said we couldn't afford a girl, though I never saw why, for he's done splendid in his new territory. And he didn't like my cooking! I only learned the plain things at the refuge, you know, and he's been pampered, living so much at hotels. Somehow I never can do things his way. Traveling men think a lot of their stomachs, and Fred is more particular than most."

Jean began to comprehend the sordid little tragedy. "But you'll learn," she comforted. "Make Fred buy you a first-class cook-book. Try the recipes by yourself till you succeed. Don't feed him on the experiments."

"I did try by myself. I practised on a Welsh rabbit, and I thought I had it down fine. So I surprised him one night after the theater when he came home hungry. He said it wasn't fit for a h-h-hog!"

Jean's indignation boiled over. "It was a thousand times too good for him," she cried.

"Don't," begged Amy. "I didn't blame him after I tasted it. The thing I do blame him for and can't bear is the way he criticizes my looks. I can't always look pretty and do my work. Fred seems to think I ought, and is always holding up Stella to me without stopping to remember that she has nothing to do but sing and change her clothes."

"Stella! Do you let Stella Wilkes come here?"

"Fred made me ask her. She's got a flat herself—just a common sort of a place that she rents furnished, with two chorus-girls. She's making money now. She left the Coney Island beer-hall for one of those

cheap Fourteenth Street theaters. Fred says she's bound to make a hit. He's crazy about her"—her voice rose to a wail—"just crazy!"

Jean held the shaking form closer. "Aren't you mistaken?" she said, without conviction.

"Mistaken!" The girl wrenched herself erect. "Mistaken! Last night I saw her in his arms."

"Amy!"

"I saw them—here—in my own house! Stella was here when Fred came home from Newark—I guess she knew he was coming—and he made her take off her things and stay to supper. It wasn't a good supper. The gas-range wouldn't work, and I'd forgotten to put Fred's beer in the ice-box. I was hot and cross from standing over the fire and hadn't a minute to do my hair. I saw Fred looking from me to Stella, who was dressed to kill, and I knew what he thought. I could have cried right there. I don't know how I got through the meal, but it ended somehow, and they went off into the parlor leaving me to clear away the things. I washed up the dishes, for, company or not, I hate to let them stand over until morning; and then fixed myself a little to go where they were. I must have got through sooner than they expected. I saw him kiss her as plain as I see you."

"Did they know you saw them?"

"I let them know," rejoined Amy, with a heart-breaking laugh. "I'll bet her ears burn yet. I ordered her out of the house, and she went, double-quick!"

"And he?"

The light died out of Amy's face. "Fred went, too," she said numbly. "I haven't seen him since. I'll never see him again, I guess. I'm the most miserable girl alive! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Divorce the scoundrel," counseled Jean promptly. "I'll take care of the lawyer. I'll employ detectives, too, if you need more evidence, as I suppose you will. He must be made to pay alimony. But you've nothing to fear, even if you don't get a cent. You earned your living once, and you can do it again. Be rid of him at once."

Amy turned her face away. "You don't know," she moaned.

"What is it I don't know?"

"The truth—the real truth."

"You mean you still care for him?"

"I do care for him—I always shall—but that's not what I mean. I can't divorce Fred. I'm not—not his wife."

Jean sprang to her feet. "You're not married!"

A spasm of anguish wracked the shrinking form. "Not—not yet."

Jean stood in rigid dismay, striving to read this enigma. "Not yet," she repeated slowly. "Did you believe, Amy, could you believe, he ever meant to deal honestly with you?"

"Yes!" The girl turned passionately. "Yes, yes, a thousand times yes! He couldn't at first. His wife had divorced him, and he wasn't allowed to remarry for three years. The time wasn't up when we met again; it wasn't up when we began to live together. It seemed so long to wait. I trusted him. I loved him."

"But now? He is free now?"

"Yes."

"And does nothing!"

"We—we put it off."

"You mean he put it off. Amy! Amy! Can't you realize that he is worthless? Can't you understand that you must root him out of your life? Face this like a brave woman. I'll help you make a fresh start. Be independent. Cut yourself off from him completely. Do it now—now."

Amy's haggard eyes were unresponsive.

"It's too late."

"No, no!"

"It's too late. I can't cut myself off from him. Jean!" Her voice quavered to shrill intensity. "Jean! Don't you—don't you see?"

Jean saw and was answered, and her womanhood bade her sweep the weakling to her breast.

"I've kept it from him," wept Amy.

"He hates children about. I did not dare tell him."

"I dare," cried Jean, like a trumpet-call. "And I will."

Her assurance quieted the girl like an anodyne, and presently she slept. Sundown, twilight, and night succeeded. The watcher's muscles grew cramped, but whenever she sought to loose the sleeper's clasp Amy whimpered like a feverish child, and so she sat compassionately on aiding nature's healing work. Meanwhile she tried to frame her appeal to the drummer. How or when she could reach him she knew not; Amy must bring about a meeting. She did

not believe that he had definitely deserted his victim. His sample-cases in the hall, his innumerable pipes, his clothing strewn about the bedroom, all argued a return. She longed that he might come now while her wrath burned hottest and she might scorch him to a sense of his infamy. It could be done. She was confident that she could stir him somehow. Surely, he was not all beast. Somewhere underneath the selfish hide lurked a torpid microscopic soul, some germ of pity, some spark of manhood.

Then Amy awoke, refreshed, heartened, yet still spineless, clinging, and dependent; and Jean threw herself into the task of cheering this mockery of a home. She made Amy bathe her dreadful eyes, arrange her hair, don a dress the drummer liked; and then set her ordering the neglected flat while she herself conjured up a meal from the unpromising materials which a search of the larder disclosed. The little kitchen was haunted with ghosts of her other life. The dentist's astonishing ice-cream freezer and the patent dish-washer stared her in the face, and her hunt for the tea-canister revealed the kit of tools she had bought to surprise him. Not a utensil hung here which was not of their choosing.

The belated supper braced Amy's mood. She became apologetic for the drummer and sanguine of the future. "Don't be harsh with Fred," she entreated. "Tell him the truth, but don't hurt his pride. Fred is so proud. He's the proudest man I ever knew. Besides, I'm every bit as much to blame. Stroke him the right way, and he'll do almost anything you want. I could have managed him if I'd been well. He means all right. He'll do right, too. I wish—I wish you could see us married, Jean. If he would only come now, we could get a minister in and have it over to-night."

Jean hoped as fervently as Amy for the drummer's coming and in this hope lingered till she could wait no longer. "Go to bed," she charged. "Sitting up won't hurry him home. If he comes, don't weep, don't reproach him, don't plead with him, don't—above all—don't apologize. Keep him guessing for once, and leave the talking to me. Find out in some way where I can see him. If he will be home to-morrow evening, I'll come here; if there's a chance of catching him earlier at the office of his firm, let me know, and I'll go there. Meanwhile say nothing, but look your best."

Amy promised all things, and Jean hurried out, horrified at the lateness of the hour. The long down-town journey at this hour daunted her till she shook off the atmosphere of the Lorna Doone sufficiently to recall that penny-saving was no more a vital factor in her life. Cabs were not wont to stalk custom in this neighborhood, however, and even a search of the nearest cross-street where business predominated was fruitless. As she hesitated, scouring the street, the attentions of a group of corner loafers became pointed, and, believing one of them about to accost her, she darted down a convenient stair of the subway and boarded a train which was just about to depart.

Arrived at her own station, she hurried to the surface. The remaining distance was short, and in five minutes she was rummaging her shopping-bag for a latch-key. The servants were of course abed. Not a light was visible. All the house apparently slumbered in after-midnight peace. She experienced a burglarious sense of adventure in fitting her key to the lock, and a guilty start when the heavy door escaped her fingers and shut with a resounding slam. At the same instant a light streamed from the library at the farther end of the hall, disclosing Julie haughtily erect in the opening, and Craig's stricken face just behind.

THE WHOLE STORY

"It is I, Craig," Jean called. "Surely you haven't worried?"

The man groaned. "Worried!" he cried. "What does it all mean, Jean?"

He would have come out to her, but Julie laid a restraining hand on his sleeve, saying, "Keep yourself in hand, Craig dear."

Jean moved quickly down the hall and confronted them. "What is this mystery?" she demanded. "Did not the servant deliver my message?"

Mrs. Van Ostade signed for her to enter the library. She passed in with a bewildered look at Atwood, who walked uncertainly to the fireplace and stood gazing down into its lifeless grate. His sister shut the door and put her back against it.

"Didn't you receive my message?" Jean again addressed Craig. "Miss Hepworth was with you, and I disliked to interrupt. There was no time for a note. I left too hurriedly."

"With whom?" The question was Julie's and delivered like a blow.

Jean faced her. "I went alone," she replied quietly. "Does it matter?"

Mrs. Van Ostade flung out an imperious finger. "Read that card beside you on the desk," she directed. "'Paul Bartlett, D.D.S. Crown and bridge work a specialty.' Do you deny meeting that person to-day?"

"Certainly not. He brought word that a sick friend needed me, and left immediately afterward."

"And you have not seen him since?"

"No." Her denial rang out emphatically. "Craig," she appealed, "what is the meaning of this catechism? I have been with Amy ever since I left the house. She is in great trouble. It is a terrible story."

"It is indeed," struck in Julie. "Do you swallow it, Craig? Can anybody! Perhaps now you will begin to use the reasoning powers which your infatuation for this adventuress has clouded. How could you ever have trusted her! Wasn't the bare fact of the reformatory enough?"

"Craig!" Appeal, reproach, anguish, all blended in that bitter cry.

Atwood disclaimed responsibility with a gesture. "Your mother," he said.

"Yes; your mother," Julie echoed. "Before she had sat ten minutes in this room she had told all she knew—do you understand me?—*all she knew!* I was your friend till then. I don't pretend I was not cut to the heart by Craig's mad marriage. I would have given my right hand to prevent it. Hadn't I seen you before you ever entered his studio? Didn't I know how vulgar your associates were? Perhaps your 'Amy' was the drunken little fool who created a scene in the restaurant where I made your acquaintance? But I tried to put that out of mind when I accepted the marriage. I took you into my own home; I hoped to school you to fill your new place in life worthily."

"And have I not?" Jean interpolated proudly. "Have I shamed you or him?"

Julie scorned reply. "But I knew nothing of the refuge story," she railed on. "I never suspected the awful truth when you evaded every question I asked about your girlhood. I knew your past had been common; I could not dream it had also been criminal."

"Julie!" Atwood entreated.

"The time has come for plain dealing," she answered him. "You will live to thank me for opening your eyes."

Jean took a step nearer her accuser. "Let her go on," she challenged contemptuously. "She only distorts what I have told you already."

Julie's dark face grew thunderous. "Do I?" she retorted. "Let us see. What have you told Craig of this man Bartlett? What have you told him of the flat at the Lorna Doone? Where are your glib answers now? Can you suppose that, knowing your history, I would suspect nothing when Satterlee put you out of countenance at the Copley Studios? A double, indeed! From that moment you avoided the place. From that moment every shift of yours strengthened my belief that I had stumbled on one more murky chapter of your life. Satterlee's memory improved; he recalled your twin's name. Thereafter my investigations were child's play. Can you, dare you, deny that you were known at the Lorna Doone as Bartlett's wife?"

Jean's face grew pale; Craig's, her agonized glance perceived, was whiter still.

"It was a mistake," she answered. "They thought——"

"Ah!" Julie's cry was long-drawn, triumphant. "Do you hear, Craig? She admits that she was known as Mrs. Bartlett. My poor brother! By her own confession you have married either a discarded mistress or a bigamist!"

Jean's brain whirled. "Lies!" she gasped.

"Prove them false!"

"Lies, cruel lies!"

Atwood sprang to her side. "I could not believe them, Jean," he cried. "You are too honest, too pure——"

"Prove them false!" Julie challenged again.

Jean turned her back upon Julie. "This is between you and me, Craig," she pleaded, struggling for self-control. "I am the honest woman you have always believed me to be. I have concealed nothing shameful. My only thought was to spare you pain. You shall know everything now; but it is a story for your ears alone. It concerns us only, dear, our happiness, our love."

He cast a look of entreaty at Julie, who met it with an acid smile. "You are wax in her hands," she taunted. "She can

cajole you into thinking black is white."

"No, no," he protested. "You are unjust to her, Julie. I know her as you cannot. She is the soul of truth."

Jean's heart leaped at his words. "God bless you for that!" she exclaimed. "Let her hear, then! Why should I fear her now?"

The dentist's attentions at the boarding-house, their walks and theater-goings, his help when the department store cast her out, their engagement, the taking and furnishing of a flat, the apparition of Stella, the confession and the crash—all she touched upon without false shame, without attempt to gloss her free agency and responsibility. She dealt gently with Paul, magnifying his virtues, palliating his great fault, bearing witness to the sincerity of his remorse. But Craig she could not spare, pity him as she might. She saw his drawn face wince as if under bodily pain, and before she ended he was groping for a chair. She perceived, as she had feared, that an ideal was gone from him, perhaps the dearest ideal of all; yet she did not realize what a blow she had struck this stunted flaccid figure with averted head, till, breaking the long silence which oppressed the room when she had done, he asked,

"Did you love this man, Jean?"

She weighed her answer painfully. "Not as we know love, Craig," she said.

"You would have sold yourself for a home—for a flat in the Lorna Doone! Where was your remembrance of the birches then?"

She forgave the words in pity for the pain which begot them. She forgot Julie. Nothing in life mattered if love were lost. A great devouring fear lest he slip from her drove her forward and flung her kneeling at his side. "You were with me always, Craig, always," she said brokenly. "Is it too hard to believe? If you try to paint an ideal and the picture falls short does that make your ideal less dear? What hope had I ever to meet you again? How could I dream that I stood for more in your thoughts than a heedless fugitive of whom you were well rid? You could not know that you had given me courage for the guardhouse and the prison; made me strive to become the girl you thought me; changed the whole trend of my foolish life! How then have I been unfaithful? Was it treachery to you, whom I never looked to see again, that when a good man—yes; at heart, Paul is a good

man—offered me a way of escape I should take it? You ask me if I would have sold myself for a home, for that poor little flat in the Lorna Doone whose cheapness I never appreciated till to-night; I answer no. I know now that I did not love him; but I did not know it then. It was left for you to teach me."

He made no response when she ceased. His hands lay nerveless under hers; his eyes still brooded on the fireless hearth. So for a hundred heart-beats they remained together.

"You believe me, Craig?"

"Yes," he wrenched forth at last.

Jean slowly withdrew her hands. "But you cannot wholly forgive?"

He had no answer.

"I can say no more," she added, rising; and came again face to face with Julie, who made way for her at the door. "I leave your house to-morrow, Mrs. Van Ostade. If I could, I would go to-night."

Free of gnawing secrecies at last! The thought brought a specious sense of peace. Julie's yoke broken! Her step on the stair grew buoyant. The battle desired of MacGregor had been fought. Precipitated by causes with which neither had reckoned, waged with a fierce heat alien to art, Craig's emancipation had nevertheless been at stake. The break had come, and it was beyond remedy. He must cleave to his wife.

Too excited for sleep, she began at once her preparations for quitting Julie's hateful roof and one after another overcame the obstacles which packing in the small hours entailed. Each overflowing chair, every yawning door and drawer, testified the increased complexity of her life and the bigness of her task. The bride of a single dinner-dress had become under Craig's lavish generosity the mistress of great possessions.

By three o'clock all was done, and as she flung herself wearily upon her bed she heard Craig's leaden step mount the stairs. He entered their living-room, which, save for one or two small articles he would scarcely miss, she had not dismantled, switched on the electricity, and after a pause closed the door of the dressing-room connecting with the darkened chamber where she lay. Jean heard him light a cigarette and drop heavily into a chair which he abandoned almost at once to pace the floor. The sound of his

pacing went on and on, varied only by the scratching of matches as he lit cigarette after cigarette, the penetrating oriental scent of which began in time to seep into her own room and infect her with his unrest.

She took alarm to find him so implacable. Did his sister sway him still? Had Julie poisoned the truth with the acid of her hate? Might she lose him after all? She could scarcely keep herself from calling his name. And the monotonous footfall went on and on, on and on, trampling her heart, grinding its iteration into her sick brain. Then when it seemed endurable no longer, it became a sedative, and she slept, to dream that she was a new inmate of Cottage No. 6 with a tyrannous, vindictive matron whose face was the face of Julie Van Ostade.

She stirred with the day and lay with shut eyes tasting the blissful reality of familiar things. This was no cell-like room, no refuge pallet. She had only to stretch out her hand—thus—to the bed beside her own, and touch—? Nothing! Craig's bed stood precisely as the maid had prepared it for his coming. Was he pacing yet? She listened, but no sound came. Creeping to the living-room door she listened again; then turned the knob. Empty! The untouched pillows of the divan, the overflowing ash-tray, the lingering haze, bespoke an all-night vigil. He had not only let the sun go down upon his wrath, he had watched it rise again. An answering glow kindled in her bruised pride.

Left rudderless by his silence, she cast about eagerly for some new plan of action while she dressed. Last night she had meant to order her things sent to the studio until they could plan the future, but that course seemed feasible no longer. She searched her pocketbook for funds and found only tickets for a popular comedy. She smiled upon them grimly. Comedy, forsooth! Here was more comic stuff—the screaming farce of woman's lot! Flouted, she had no choice but to fold her hands and wait while the dominant male in his wisdom decided her destiny.

At her accustomed hour she touched the bell for her coffee, and with sharpened observation saw at once that, unlike other days, the tray held but a single service.

"Mr. Atwood breakfasted downstairs?" she said carelessly.

The maid's eyes roved the dissipated scene of Atwood's reflections and lit upon a

strapped trunk which Jean had for convenience pulled into the dressing-room.

"Yes," she answered. "Mr. Craig came down very early."

"Did he go out?"

"More than an hour ago."

Jean let the coffee go cold and crumbled her toast untasted. How could she endure this passivity! Must she forever be the spectator? Amidst these drab reveries her eyes rested for some minutes upon the topmost of the morning papers, which the maid had brought as usual with the breakfast, before one of its by no means modest headlines resolved itself into the words,

MURDERED IN CENTRAL PARK!

Then a familiar name and a familiar address leaped from the context, and she seized breathlessly upon the brief double-leaded paragraph and read it twice from beginning to end.

"The northern extremity of Central Park," ran the account, "became last night the scene of a tragedy which its loneliness and insufficient lighting have long invited. Shortly after midnight the body of Frederick Chapman, a commercial traveler in the employ of Webster, Cassell & Co., residing in the Lorna Doone apartments, not ten blocks from the spot where he met his death, was found with a bullet through the heart. Up to the time of going to press, no trace of the murderer or weapon had been discovered, although the physician summoned by Officer Burns, who came upon the body in his regular rounds, was of the opinion that life had been extinct less than an hour. Both precinct and central-office detectives are at work upon the case. Mr. Chapman leaves a young widow, who is prostrated by the blow."

Jean sprang to her feet, her own woes forgotten in her horrified perception of Amy's dire need. Tearing out the paragraph, she penciled across its head-lines, "I have gone to her," and enclosing it in an envelope addressed to Atwood, set it conspicuously on his desk.

THE FACE OF TRAGEDY

EARLY as she reached the Lorna Doone, Jean found others before her, drawn by the morbid lure of sudden death. The hawkers of "extras" already filled the street with their

cries; open-mouthed children swarmed about the entrance of the apartment-house as if this, not the park, were the historic ground; while Amy's narrow hall was choked with reporters amidst whom Amy herself, colorless, bright-eyed, babbled wearilessly of the drummer's virtues.

"He was the best salesman they ever had," she was saying. "Put that in the paper, won't you? In another year he'd most likely have had an interest in the business. They couldn't get along without him, they said. He was the best salesman they ever had. People just had to buy when Fred called. He seemed to hypnotize customers. One man——" and she rambled into the story of a conquest, beginning nowhere and ending in fatuity with the unceasing refrain, "He was the best salesman they ever had."

The sight of Jean shunted her from this theme to self-pity. She clung to her hysterically, declaring she was her only friend and calling upon the reporters to witness what a friend she was! They had of course heard of Francis Craig Atwood, the great artist? This was his wife—her old friend, her only friend. Jean urged her gently toward the bedroom and, shutting the door upon her, turned and asked the men to go. They assented and left immediately, save one of boyish face who delayed some minutes for sympathetic comment on the tragedy.

"I'm only a cub reporter, Mrs. Atwood," he added, "and I have to take back something. That's the rule in our office—get the story or get out. Poor Mrs. Chapman was too upset to give me anything of value. Perhaps you'd be willing to help me make good?"

"I know nothing but what the papers have told," Jean replied.

"I don't mean the shooting—merely a fact or two about Mr. and Mrs. Chapman whom you know so well. When were they married?"

"I can't tell you," she said hastily. "I—I was not present."

"But approximately? I don't want the dates. She looks a bride, and you know the public is interested in brides. They haven't lived here long, I suppose?"

"No; not long," she assented, thankful for the loophole; "a few weeks."

"This was their first home?"

"Practically. They boarded for a time.

Excuse me now, please. You must see how much she needs me."

"She is lucky to have you, Mrs. Atwood. Girlhood friends, I presume?"

"Yes, yes. Go now, please."

She turned him out at last and paused an instant to brace her nerves before joining Amy. At the far end of the hall the parlor door stood ajar, and she saw with a shiver that the shades were down. Then Amy peered from the bedroom in search of her, a grief-stricken figure with wringing hands.

"Don't keep me in here," she moaned. "Let me walk, walk." And she moved toward the darkened room.

"Not there!" Jean cried, preventing her. "Not there!"

Amy stared an instant and then uttered a laugh more terrible than tears. "He is not in the parlor," she replied. "They took him to an undertaker's. There's a man—I forgot to tell you—there's a man from the undertaker's here now. He wants clothes, black clothes. He's in the spare room, hunting. I—I couldn't touch them. I told him to look for himself. You help him, Jean. I couldn't touch Fred's things. It seemed—oh, I just couldn't!"

Jean let her wander where she would and opened the guest-room door. A heavy-jowled man pivoted about at her entrance and stuffed a handful of letters into a pocket of one of the dead man's coats. The garment was not black.

"What are you doing there?" Jean demanded. "That coat might answer for a horse-race, but not a funeral."

The man had a glib answer ready. "I took it down to look behind," he said. "The letters fell out."

She doubted his word and, walking to the closet, made a selection from the more sober wear. "Take these," she ordered.

He thanked her, gathered the clothing together, and left the room; and she heard the hall door close after him while she lingered a moment to replace the things his rummaging had disturbed. Coming out herself, the first object to meet her eye was a telltale bit of cloth protruding from the umbrella-rack, into which, she promptly discovered, the supposed undertaker's assistant had stuffed every article she had given him. The sight unnerved her, and she sought Amy in the parlor and told her what she had seen.

"Don't let people in here," she warned.

"That man was a reporter of course. No experienced detective would have left the clothes behind."

Amy plucked at her throat as if stifled. "What did he w-want?" she chattered.

"What did he want?"

"Scandal, probably."

"You think so?" whispered the girl, ghastly white. "You think so? You don't suppose he came because—because he suspects——"

"Suspects whom?"

"Me!" she wailed, her cry trembling to a shriek. "Me! Me! Me! I did it, Jean. I shot him. I killed Fred. I'm the one. I——"

Jean clapped a hand over her mouth. "Hush!" she implored. "You're mad!"

Amy tore herself free and dropped huddled to the floor. "I'm not mad. I wish I were. They'd only lock me up if I were mad. Now they'll kill me, too."

Jean shook her roughly. "Stop!" she commanded. "Some one might overhear and believe you. Don't say such things. It's dangerous."

Amy threw back her head with a repetition of her awful laugh. "You don't believe me!" she cried. "I'll make you believe me. Listen. He came home last night after you left. You hadn't been gone ten minutes when he came. He'd been drinking, but he was good-natured, and I thought I would speak to him myself. It didn't seem as if I could wait for you to speak to him, Jean. I thought I could manage it—he was so good-natured—and so I asked him to make me an honest woman. I never mentioned the baby—then! And I wasn't cross or mean with him. I asked him as nice as I knew how. But he wouldn't listen—it was the drink in him—and he struck me. Fred never struck me before in his life. He was always such a gentleman. It was the drink in him made him strike me. After that I went into the bedroom and cried, and I heard him go to the sideboard and pour out more whiskey. He did it twice. By and by he came into the hall and took his hat, and I called to him and asked him not to go out again. I said I was sorry for bothering him; but he went out just the same. Then I followed. I knew, I don't know how, but I knew he was going to Stella's, and it didn't seem, after all I'd been through, I could stand for it. Sure enough, he turned down the avenue toward that flat

of hers I told you about, with me after him keeping on the other side. I lagged behind a little when he reached Stella's street, for it was lighter by her door than on the avenue, and when I got around the corner he wasn't anywhere to be seen, and I knew for certain he'd gone in at her number. I'd been trembling all over up to then, but now I felt bold as a lion, I was so mad, and I marched straight up to the house myself. I decided I wouldn't ring her bell—it's just one of those common flat-houses without an elevator—but somebody else's, and then, after the catch was pulled, go up and take them by surprise.

"I was half running when I came to the steps, and before I could stop myself, or hide, or do anything, I banged right into Fred, who hadn't been able to get in at all and was coming away. His face was terrible when he saw who it was, but I wasn't afraid of him any more and told him he'd got to hear something now that would bring him to his senses if anything could. He saw I meant business and said, 'Oh, well, spit it out!' But just then some people came along and walked close behind us all the way to the corner. The avenue was full of people, too, for the show at that little concert-hall near the park entrance was just over, so we crossed into the park to be by ourselves. We were quite a way in before I spoke, for I was thinking what to say, and finally when Fred said he wasn't going a step farther, I up and told him about the baby. He said that was a likely story and started to pull away, and then—then I took out the pistol. It was Fred's six-shooter; he'd kept it in the top bureau drawer ever since the last scare about burglars, and I caught it up when I followed him out. I didn't mean it for him. I only meant to shoot myself if he wouldn't do right by me when he'd heard the truth. But he thought I wanted to kill him, and he grabbed hold of my arm to get it away. Then, somehow, all of a sudden it was done and there he was lying across the path with his head in the grass. I don't know how long I stood there, or why I didn't kill myself. I ought to have shot myself right there. But I only stood, numb-like, till all at once I got frightened and began to run. I ran along by the lake and threw the revolver in the water, and went out of the park by another exit and came back here. Nobody saw me go out; nobody saw me come in. The elevator

boy goes home at twelve o'clock. I guess you believe me now, don't you?"

Jean froze before the horror of it. While she mechanically soothed the hapless creature who, her secret out, had relapsed into ungovernable hysteria wherein Fred's praises alternated with shuddering terror of the future, her own thoughts crowded in a disorder almost as chaotic. She faced a crime, and yet no crime. Must she bid Amy give herself up to the law? Must this frail girl undergo the torture of imprisonment and trial for having served as little more than the passive tool of circumstance? If they held their peace, the mystery might never be cleared. Would justice suffer greatly by such silence? But Amy would suffer! The fear of discovery—the fear Jean herself knew so well—would dog her to her grave. To trust the law was the frank course, but would the law—blind, clumsy, fallible law whose heavy hand had all but spoiled her own life—would the law believe Amy had gone out, carrying a weapon, without intent to do murder? The dilemma was too cruel.

The door-bell bored itself into her consciousness, and she went out to confront more reporters.

"Mrs. Chapman is too ill to see you," she said curtly.

"But it's you we want to see," returned one whose face she recalled from the earlier invasion. "There are new developments, and we'd like to have your comment. It's of public interest, Mrs. Atwood."

Her anger flamed out against them. "What have I to do with your public?" she demanded. "I have nothing to say to it."

"But you consented to an interview this morning," rejoined the spokesman of the group. "Why do you object to another?"

"I consented to an interview?"

"Here you are," he said, producing one of the more sensational newspapers. "'The beautiful wife of the well-known illustrator, Francis Craig Atwood, has been with the heart-broken little bride since early morning. Mrs. Atwood and Mrs. Chapman were schoolgirl chums whose friendship has endured to be a solace in this crushing hour. Mrs. Atwood brokenly expressed her horror at the catastrophe and added one or two touching details concerning the Chapmans' ideal married life. Their wedding—'"

Jean caught the paper from him and read it for herself. The drummer shone a para-

gon of refinement in the light of her friendship and Craig's, for Atwood was not neglected; two paragraphs, indeed, were given over to a résumé of his artistic career.

Tears of mortification sprang to her eyes. "What an outrage!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Atwood has never seen these people, never set foot in this building! I myself met this unfortunate man but once in my life!"

The group pricked up its ears. "We shall be very glad to publish your denial," assured the spokesman.

"Oh, don't publish anything," she cried. "Drop us out of it altogether, I beg of you!"

"But in the light of the new developments it would be only just to you and Mr. Atwood," he persisted.

"What developments?"

"The revelations concerning Chapman's—er—irregular mode of life. His former wife—she lives in Jersey City—has laid certain information before the police. She seems to care for him still, after a fashion. She only heard this morning of his remarriage, though she met and talked with him day before yesterday."

Jean's hand sought the wall. "What does she know?"

"The police won't disclose. But they say her information, taken with another clue that's come into their hands, will lead shortly to an arrest. Shall we publish the denial, Mrs. Atwood?"

"Yes," she answered; "yes."

As she closed the door, Amy tottered down the hall. "I heard!" she gasped. "I heard all they said. The police—the police will come next! They've found out I'm not Fred's wife. I'll be shamed before everybody. They'll suspect me first of all. They'll find out everything. You heard what they said about a clue? When they get hold of a clue they get everything! They'll take me to the Tombs—the Tombs! Hark!"

The fretful bell rang again.

"The police!" chattered Amy. "The police!"

The same fear gripped Jean, but she mustered strength to push the girl into the bedroom and shut the door; and then, with sinking heart, went to answer the summons.

A HAPPY TO-MORROW

No uniformed agent of pursuing justice confronted her; only the face of him she

loved best, and the great uplifting wave of relief cast her breathless in Craig's arms.

"Come away," he begged, his answering clasp the witness and the seal of their reconciliation. "Come away."

"Craig!" she whispered. "Craig!"

"I only just learned where you were. A reporter came to the studio, showed me his paper——"

"Falsehoods! They perverted my words——"

"I knew, I knew. I'm the one to blame, not you. If I'd gone home, stayed home, you would never have come here. Forgive me, Jean. I've been a fool."

"Hush," she said, laying a hand upon his lips. "We were both wrong. But I must have come to Amy. After what she told me last night there was no choice. You'll understand when I explain. It's ghastly clear."

"But come away first. Don't give anyone a chance to ferret out your life, Jean. Why should you stay here now?"

A low convulsive moan issued from the bedroom. Jean sprang to the door. "Amy!" she called. "Don't be frightened. It's only Craig. Do you hear me? It was Craig who rang. I'll come to you soon."

Atwood followed to the little parlor.

"You see?" she said.

"But there must be some one else, some other woman——"

"There is no one who knows what I know. You must hear it, too, Craig. It is more than I can face alone. You must think for me, help me." And she poured the whole petrifying truth into his ears.

"She must give herself up," he said, at last.

"But——" And the dilemma of moral and legal guilt plagued her again.

He brushed her tender casuistry aside. "The law must deal with such doubts," he answered. "We must help her face it, help her to see that delay only counts against her. She must tell her story before they come at the facts without her."

"She believes they suspect already. They've found out something about that wretched man's life—the reporters don't say what—and she lies in that room shaking with terror at every ring of the bell. We thought you were the police."

"We must help her face it," he repeated.

"I will drive her to police headquarters."

"Not you, Craig. You must not. The

papers shall not drag you into this again. I will go with her."

"Isn't your name mine? You see it makes no difference. I'll not allow you to go through this alone. I've let you meet too much alone. We'll talk to Amy together if you think best."

Jean's glance fell on Grimes's gilt clock. "Amy has tasted nothing, and it's nearly noon," she said. "I must make coffee or something to give her strength. Wait till she has eaten."

She started for the kitchen, but brought up, white-faced, at the recurring summons of the bell. Their eyes met in panic. Were they too late? The ring was repeated while they questioned. Jean took a faltering step toward the door, listening for an outburst from the bedroom; but Amy seemed not to hear. Craig stepped before her into the hall.

"Let me answer it," he said.

Then, before either could act, a key explored the lock, and Paul Bartlett's anxious face peered through the opening. He started at sight of them, but came forward with an ejaculation of relief.

"I remembered I had a key," he explained. "It was so still I thought something had gone wrong. Amy?"

Jean signed toward the bedroom, and the three tiptoed into the parlor and shut the door. An awkward silence rested upon them for an instant. Jean's thoughts raced back to her last meeting with the dentist in this room, and she knew that Paul could be scarcely less the prey of his memories. Atwood himself, divining something of what such a reunion meant, was stricken with a share of their embarrassment.

Paul pulled himself together first. "I came to help Amy if I could," he said to Jean; "and also to see you. I've read the papers, and I thought"—he hesitated lamely—"I thought somebody ought to take your place. It's not pleasant to be dragged into a murder case—not pleasant for a lady, I mean," he corrected himself hastily. "I don't mind. Mrs. St. Aubyn won't mind, either. I've phoned her—she always liked Amy, you know—and she's coming soon. You needn't wait. You mustn't be expected to—to—oh, for God's sake, sir," he broke off, wheeling desperately upon Atwood, "take your wife away!"

Jean's eyes blurred with sudden tears which fell unrestrained when Craig's chiv-

The Crucible

ally met the dentist's halfway. "Now I know you for the true man Jean has praised," he said, gripping Paul's hand. "But I can't take her away. She has a responsibility—we both have a responsibility it's impossible to shirk. Tell him, Jean!"

The dentist squared his shoulders in the old way when she ceased. "I'll see that Amy reaches headquarters," he said doggedly. "Neither of you need go. There isn't the slightest necessity. I'm her old friend, the lessee of this flat: who would be more likely to act for her? You convince her that she must toe the mark—I can't undertake that part; and then, the sooner you leave the better."

Atwood turned irresolutely toward the window and threw up the shade as if his physical being craved light. Jean met the straightforward eyes.

"Why should you shoulder it, Paul?"

Bartlett shot a look at Atwood, who nervously drummed the pane, his gaze fixed outward; and then, with a sweeping gesture, invoked the silent argument of the room. "I guess you know," he added simply.

Her face softened with ineffable tenderness. "I'll tell Amy you are here," she said.

The men heard her pass down the hall and knock; wait, knock again, calling Amy's name; wait once more, and then return.

"Shall we let her sleep while she can?" she whispered. "It's a hideous thing that she must meet."

Atwood's look questioned the dentist, whose reply was to brush by them both and assault Amy's door. "Amy!" he shouted. "Amy!"

They held their breath. Back in the parlor the gilt clock ticked like a midsummer-mad insect; the cries of newsboys rose muffled from the street; even a drip of water sounded from some leaky kitchen tap; but from the bedroom came nothing.

Jean tried the knob. "Locked!"

The dentist laid his shoulder to the woodwork, put forth his strength, and burst in the door with an impetus that carried him headlong; but before either could follow he had recovered himself and turned to block the way.

"Keep back, Jean," he commanded sharply. "Keep back!"

His suspense was brief. Almost immediately he came out, closed the door gently after him, and held up a red-labeled vial. "Carbolic acid!" he said hoarsely.

Jean uttered a sharp cry. "A doctor!" she exclaimed.

Paul shook his head. "I am doctor enough to know death. Atwood, get your wife away."

"But now——" Jean resisted.

"Go, go!" he commanded, driving them before him. "Mrs. St. Aubyn will do what a woman can. I will attend to the police. You left for rest, believing her asleep. I suspected suicide and broke down the door. That's our story. Go while you can."

They went out as in a dream, striking away at random when they issued on the street, seeking only to shun the still idling curious, grateful beyond words for release, avid for the pure, vital air. Presently, in some quarter, they knew not where, a cab-driver hailed them, and they passively entered his hansom and as passively sat dependent on his superior will.

"Where to?" asked the man impatiently.

Atwood shook himself awake. "The Copley Studios," he answered. "Do you know the building? It's near——"

The closing trap clipped his directions, and they drove away. They gave no heed to their course till, passing a park entrance, they came full upon a knot of urchins and nursemaids clustered between lake and drive.

"That's where the Chapman murder took place," volunteered the driver.

Jean shut her eyes. "This way of all ways!"

"It is behind us now," Craig comforted.

"It's *all* behind us now."

Neither spoke again till they reached the studio, and a porter announced the arrival of several trunks.

"They're yours, Jean," Atwood said.

"I ordered them sent here when Julie telephoned for instructions. I realize that there is no going back. She admits that she did you a wrong—she will tell you so herself; but that doesn't alter matters. We must live our own lives. To-night we'll go away for a time. In the mountains or by the sea, whichever you will, we'll plan for the future. It's time the air-castles were made real."

He ordered a luncheon from a neighboring restaurant, forced her to eat, and then to rest. She said that sleep was impossible and that she must repack against their journey; but her eyelids grew heavy even while she protested, and she was just drowsily aware that he threw over her some

studio drapery which emitted a spicy oriental scent.

It was a dreamless sleep until just before she woke, when she shivered again under the obsession of Amy's door-bell. The studio furnishings delivered her from the delusion, but a bell rang on. Where was Craig? Then her eye fell upon a scrawl, fastened to her pillow by a hatpin, which told her that he had gone to arrange for their departure; and she roused herself to answer the door. Here, for an instant, the dream seemed still to haunt, for the caller who greeted her was the reporter of the morning who had taken her denial.

"I'm right sorry to bother *you* again, Mrs. Atwood," he apologized. "I'm looking for your husband."

"Mr. Atwood is out."

"Could I see him later? It's about five thirty now. Would six o'clock suit?"

"Why do you annoy him?" she asked wearily. "I told you that he has nothing to do with this awful affair."

"The public thinks he has, and in a way, through your knowing Mrs. Chapman, it's true. Anyhow, I'm authorized to make him a proposition with dollars in it. Our Sunday editor is willing to let him name his own figure for a column interview and a sketch of the Wilkes girl, in any medium he likes, which he can knock off from our own photographs. We got some rattling good snapshots just as she was taken into custody."

Jean stared blankly into his enthusiastic face. "Taken into custody?" she said. "The Wilkes girl! You mean—on suspicion—of murder!"

"Haven't you seen the afternoon editions?" cried the man incredulously. "You don't say you haven't heard about the new figure in the case, the Fourteenth Street music-hall favorite, Stella Wilkes! It was Chapman's divorced wife who put the police on the scent. She'd spotted them together, and the janitor of the Wilkes girl's flat-house identified Chapman as a man who'd been running there after her. Of course, by itself, that's no evidence of guilt; but they've unearthed more than that. One of the clever men of our staff got hold of a letter which the girl wrote Chapman. The police are holding it back, but it's a threat of some kind and strong enough to warrant them gathering her in for the grand jury's consideration. But let me send up a hall-

boy with the latest. I'll try again at six for Mr. Atwood."

Stella! Stella accused of the murder! She pressed her hands to her dizzy head and groped back to the studio. Could fate devise a more ironic jest! Stella, wrecker of Amy's happiness, herself dragged down! Then, her brain clearing, her personal responsibility overwhelmed her. She alone had received Amy's confession. She alone could vouch for Stella's innocence. She must dip her hands again into this defiling pitch, endure more publicity, risk exposure, humiliate Craig! And for Stella—byword of Shawnee Springs, fiend who had made the refuge twice a hell, terror of her struggle to live the dark past down—of all human creatures, Stella Wilkes!

But it must be done. She made herself ready for the street with benumbed fingers, till the thought of Craig again arrested her. Should she wait for him?

He entered as she hesitated. "Rested, Jean?" he called cheerily, delaying a moment in the hall. "Here are your papers. The boy said you wanted them." Then, from the threshold, "You're ill!"

She seized one of the newspapers and struck it open. Its head-lines shouted confirmation of the reporter's words. "Look!"

"Footlight favorite . . . damaging letter . . . journalistic enterprise," he repeated.

"You see what it means?"

"Wait, wait!" He read on feverishly to the end.

Jean gave a last mechanical touch to her veil. "I am going down to police headquarters to tell what I know, Craig."

"No," he cried. "You must not soil yourself again. You shall not. There is some better way. We must think it out. There is Bartlett—he knows!"

"Through me!"

"I think he'd be willing—no; that's folly. We can't ask the man to perjure himself. We must hit on something else. You must not be the one. Think what it might mean!"

"I've thought."

"They would dig up the past—all your acquaintance with Amy. The Wilkes creature's tongue could never be stopped. She doesn't know now that Mrs. Atwood means Jean Fanshaw. She must not know. Take no rash step. We must wait, temporize."

The Crucible

"Temporize with an innocent person accused of crime!"

"They don't accuse her yet—formally. She is held—detained—whatever the lawyer's jargon is. She isn't convicted. She never will be. They can't convict her on one letter—I doubt if they'll indict her. Why, she may prove an alibi at once! Wait, Jean, wait! She's merely under suspicion of——"

"Murder!" She stripped away his sophistries with a word. "Isn't that enough? What of her feelings while we wait? Is it nothing to be suspected of killing a man?"

"What is her reputation now? Un-speakable!"

"More reason that we should make it no worse. No, no, Craig; I must do this thing at any cost."

He threw out his hands in impassioned appeal. "Any cost! Any cost!" he cried. "Do you realize what you're saying? Will you let her rag of a reputation weigh against your own, against the position you've fought for, against my good name? If you won't spare yourself, spare me!"

"Craig," she implored, "be just!"

"I am only asking you to wait. A night may change everything. It can't make her name blacker; it may save you."

"Suppose it changes nothing; suppose no alibi is proved; suppose they do indict! How would my delay look then? Can't you see that my way is the only way? Don't think I'm not counting the cost." Her voice wavered and she shut her eyes against his unnerving face which seemed to have shed its boyishness forever, against this room which everywhere bespoke the future she jeopardized. "I do! I do! But we must go—go at once."

His face set sternly. "I refuse."

"Craig!"

"I refuse. This morning, when we had no way to turn, I was ready to stand by you. But now—now I wash my hands of it all. If you go——"

Her face turned ashen. "If I go?" she repeated.

"You go alone."

"And afterward?"

He dashed a distracted hand across his forehead and turned away without answer.

"Yet I must go," she said.

Before her blind fingers found the outer door he was again beside her. "You're right," he owned. "Forgive me, Jean. We'll see it through."

Their ride in the twilight seemed an excursion in eternity. Home-going New York met them in obstructive millions. Apparently they alone sought the lower city. From zone to zone they descended—luxury, shabby gentility, squalor succeeding in turn—till their destination loomed a dread tangible reality. It was fittingly seated here, Jean felt, where life's dregs drifted uppermost, sin was a commonplace, arrest a diversion. Would not such as these glory in the deed she found so hard? Would not the brain beneath that picture hat, the sable plumes of which—jaunty, insolent, triumphant—floated the center of a sidewalk throng, envy her the publicity from which she shrank? Then, as the ribald crowd passed and the garish blaze of a concert-saloon lit the woman's face, Jean threw herself back in the shadow with a sharp cry.

"Look, Craig! Look!"

Atwood craned from the cab, which a dray had blocked, but saw only agitated backs as the saloon swallowed up the pavement idol. A policeman grinned sociably from the curb.

"Stella Wilkes," he explained. "Chesty, ain't she? She was pretty wilted, though, when they ran her in. I saw her come."

Craig's hand convulsively gripped Jean's. "They've let her go?" he questioned. "She's free?"

"Sure—an' callin' on her friends. Hadn't you heard? Mrs. Chapman left a note ownin' up. If they'd found it sooner, this party would have had a pleasanter afternoon. Still, I guess she's plenty satisfied. They say a vaudeville house has offered her five hundred a week. She'd better cinch the deal to-night. It will all be forgotten to-morrow."

Atwood strained the white-faced figure to his breast. "You heard him, Jean? He's right. It *will* be forgotten to-morrow."

From that dear shelter she, too, foresaw a kindlier future. "To-morrow," she echoed.



AS THE GARISH BLAZE OF A CONCERT-SALOON LIT THE WOMAN'S FACE, JEAN THREW
HERSELF BACK IN THE SHADOW WITH A SHARP CRY



Small Contributions

By Ambrose Bierce

I HOPE that by the time these lines are read the discussion that I had the unhappiness to set going, as to whether Mr. George Sterling's "A Wine of Wizardry" is or is not "the greatest poem ever written in America," will have been succeeded by the holy hush that falls upon a battle-field when all are dead. Then I should like to point out (if it is not irrelevant) that I did not say that the work was "the greatest poem ever written in America." Those words were kindly put into my mouth by the distinguished proponent of the fray. So I venture to advise that any of the whiskered pandours and fierce hussars who may have survived the combat bury their dead and renew the engagement with no less heat but more light. Really, there is no small satisfaction in knowing what one is fighting about.

The honest execration that has been flung at me for my good opinion of Mr. Sterling's poem supplies occasion for me to say that in a rather long controversial career I have only two or three times been "fondled" as "a screaming thing" that "fiends have flayed" without observing that the flaying and fondling were done somewhat awkwardly by hands unskilled in accuracy of touch. To adapt this accusation to the meanest capacity, so that my antagonists may partly understand it, I will put it this way: they seldom take the trouble to know just what it was that roused their ire. For awful example, the gentleman who threw me to the lions to make a "Journal" holiday says:

"Mr. Bierce is delighted with the use of the word 'undominated' in this poem. It occurs in the following passage,

'Mid pulse of dungeoned forges down the stunned,
Undominated firmament.

"What is *your* opinion of that? Bierce says the word is as fine as Shakespeare's use of 'obstruction' in the line, 'To lie in cold obstruction and to rot.'"

I expressed no "delight" with either of these words, nor any sense of their "fineness," but plainly confessed that I did not understand them. Exposed to so hardy and impenitent misrepresentation I feel a need of the consolations of religion: I should like positively to know where my critics are going to when they die. From my present faltering faith in their future I derive an imperfect comfort.

Next month, my editor willing, I shall probably have something to say of the Gadarene herd possessed of the devil of criticism and not ashamed to squeal their disrelish of Mr. Sterling's pearls of speech because of inability to digest them—as if he could know, and should respect, their various degrees of ignorance of the English language! Meantime, I shall give myself the pleasure of quoting the tremendous lines with which he concludes "The Testimony of the Suns":

How vast the gulfs of man's desire!
Children of Change, we dream to share
The battle-vigil of Altair
And watch great Fomalhaut expire;

To live where darkened suns relume
Their kingdoms in the abysmal haze
Where nearing night attends the blaze
Of high Antares, red with doom;

To hear within the deep of Law
The Word that moves her causal tides;
To know where Permanence abides
Beyond the veil the senses draw.

And such the hope that fills thy heart,
O life! on some allegiant world
Round Procyon's throne of thunder whirled
Or poised in Spica's gulf apart.



From a bas-relief portrait by R. I. Atkin

GEORGE STERLING, AUTHOR OF "A WINE OF WIZARDRY"

So dreamt thy sons on worlds destroyed
Whose dust allures our careless eyes,
As, lit at last on alien skies,
The meteor melts athwart the void.

So shall thy seed on worlds to be,
At altars built to suns afar,
Crave from the silence of the star
Solution of thy mystery;

And crave unanswered, till, denied
By cosmic gloom and stellar glare,
The brains are dust that bore the prayer,
And dust the yearning lips that cried.

Criticising a poem in our leading literary magazine an anonymous writer quotes this line,

Phaeton headlong ruining down the sky,

and adds this austere comment: "But ruin as a verb is transitive, and by using it intransitively the author does not make it poetical, but only ungrammatical and ambiguous. Perhaps he meant that Phaeton was destroying the welkin," and so forth. Ruin, as an intransitive verb, is good and poetical English, and means to fall headlong. It is so used by Milton, and by Tennyson:

Hell saw
Heaven ruining from Heaven.
—*Paradise Lost*, vi, 868.

Ruining along the illimitable inane.
—*Lucretius*, 40.

The immortal (and innumerable) fool who thinks genius a general disability responsive to the urge of some particular monkey trick, is now happy in the assurance that Ibsen could write only when he had before him a tray bearing certain grotesque images. If the dunces were told nothing of that kind about their intellectual betters they would be sick.

Ingratitude ever dogs the steps of benevolence: Mr. Thomas Nelson Page has manifested no sense of obligation to Mrs. L. H. Harris for considerably pointing out that he is blameless for the passing of his genius.

It is alarming to observe no "announcements" for the immediate future of books by Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Katherine Cecil Thurston, and Marie Corelli. We can endure their no novels, but, good land! they will all be sick.

An admirer of the literary work of Mrs. La Salle Pickett describes her as the widow of "the brave Confederate general who met death on the field of Gettysburg."

The meeting was characteristic of that strenuous time.

"This is my busy day," said the general, mounting his horse for the famous charge; "have the goodness to call again."

"I have a good deal to attend to myself to-day," replied the reaper of that field; "I will see you later."

And twelve years afterward Pickett met him again.

"The Optimist," who cheers but not inebriates in Washington, tells us that "the star of hope" has been "firmly implanted in us." Implanting a star is not so surprising a performance now as it would have been before the natural order of things was forever subverted by him who wrote,

A curst potato on the whirlwind rides.

A Chicago book-club has "privately printed" one hundred and sixty love-letters of Nathaniel Hawthorne to the woman that he married. They were obtained from one Bixby, who surrendered them, apparently, without any kind of compulsion. The introduction to the book is supplied by Roswell Field, who explains that there was "practically" (he means virtually) "nothing which called for elision" through fear of wounding "the feelings of the living." From this it seems justly inferable that Hawthorne is dead.

But if the love-letters of a deceased author may properly be "privately printed" why may they not properly be published? Are the members of the Chicago book-club (and their friends) persons of superior discretion, who can trust themselves with matters too sacred to be imparted to the morbid multitude, or do they humbly consider that, like the Chinese male domestic in the eyes of his half-clad mistress, they "don't count"? As there is a profitable market for this kind of literature, I suppose they must, like Clive, be astonished by their own moderation. If the laws of this country were what they ought to be they would learn that a moderation falling short of total abstinence is not a thing to bring them joy.

"Many would be glad," writes Mr. William E. Nixon, an Englishman, "to see

better literature wedded to the tune of 'God Save the King.'" He can see it in our own national anthem, so called, "America." But the difference is nothing to speak of. If the fact that all national anthems are pretty bad, as literature, does not prove the enthusiastic patriot a mighty poor poet it must prove something else.

Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, the newly appointed mayor of San Francisco, whose immediate predecessors are one convicted and two confessed thieves, is a respectable man who has written several volumes of verse as respectable as he. His verse escapes being poetry by a margin a little narrower than is customary, but it escapes. His best work is a translation of the sonnets of Herredia, his worst a "moral" imitation of Omar Khayyam—Omar as an austere Puritan solemnly intoning psalms and platitudes through the purple nose of him. Doctor Taylor's verse never "raised a mortal to the skies" nor "drew an angel down," but if it had anything to do with his selection as ruler of his turbulent town not all inutile was its flow.

In "Mehr Licht" Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch shows that the medieval superstition of witchcraft is derived from Babylonian sources. Many a witch-story is recorded in cuneiform characters on clay tablets of the reign of Asurbanipal. Really, there is nothing new (nor true) under the sun.

Read Vol. XXXIV of the "Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan" and learn that "while Perry and his treaty may properly enough be taken as marking an epoch in the history of Japan, they did not set in motion the really efficient forces which have created the new life." The Japanese were about to burst into bloom when Perry found them.

"A History of Southern Literature," by Prof. Carl Holliday, of the University of Virginia, is of general interest and of value to the student, but might advantageously have been made shorter by a half. The author's notion seems to be that whatever is written is literature, and the work of all has a place in his manual—even the impossible stuff of such ignoramuses as "Davy" Crockett. This, of course, precludes adequate treatment of the few that are worth while.

The author of the best seller of last week is thought by the police to be engaged in repeating his offense.

"There seems to be in Russia," saith one of the book-folk, "a belief that the coming of Gorky the agitator, the social reformer, meant the passing of Gorky the artist." It is never otherwise: when a literary artist is bitten by the mad dog of social reform "physicians is in vain." Happily the patient's ravings are inaudible beyond the walls of his own generation.

Marie Corelli holds the English book-market as the "best seller." Her "Temporal Power" sold one hundred and fifty thousand copies, and "The Sorrows of Satan" are somewhat mitigated by a sale of fifty-two thousand.

Alaska is a big country and the Yukon a long river, but neither in the one nor anywhere along the other has been found a good place to publish "The Alaska-Yukon Magazine." It is at home in Seattle.

The book-market in England is so dull that many a popular novelist has nothing but an ingenious plot with a happy ending between himself and starvation, and it is doubtful if literature will much longer enable the "main and general" of the writer folk to put their heads into their bellies. It is feared that most of them will have to stop writing stories that are not true, and go to work. Perhaps some of the younger set may find a congenial refuge in the actor's trade of pretending to be somebody else, but the conception of such veterans as George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, and Rider Haggard standing in the bread-line saddens to crime.

In "The Industrial Republic," Mr. Upton Sinclair has the candor to admit, at least by implication, that human selfishness may prevent the regeneration of mankind from beginning earlier than 1913. One would think that because this bad element in human nature is, like Charles II, "an unconscionable time dying" Mr. Sinclair would be impatient, but he is not: he is even willing to wait a week longer, if necessary.

"Pilgrimage," by Mr. C. E. Laurence, is the story of a penitent fallen angel who is

given a chance to reenter heaven through the door of death. He is made a man and permitted to be like Hall Caine if he can.

Mr. Appleton's narrative of his discovery of Herbert Spencer includes an account of the great man's Homeric battle with a tough beefsteak. Why not?—we know little of how a beefsteak is transmuted into a First Principle, but we know that it sometimes is, and has, therefore, a legitimate place in the history and scheme of Synthetic Philosophy.

In "Hypnotism and Spiritism," Dr. Joseph Lapponi succeeds fairly well in proving that the two are not one. That is a point gained if anybody ever believed they were.

It pains me to observe that certain excellent persons (who nevertheless write) think these monthly remarks on their fellow-craftsmen deficient in gravity. I know they are: I am that way myself. But I own a cow that seems to me to have gravity in excess; so I try to keep the family average about right. My critics would be delighted with that cow.

The Countess von Arnheim, author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," dislikes publicity. She has forbidden her publisher to name her in his advertisements, and will not be photographed. To such as she, literature, like the gathering of samphire, is "a dreadful trade." Those who think that for such it would be easy to abstain from writing need not flatter themselves that they can prove it by their own easy abstinence.

The chauffeur is destructive, of course, but every dismal creation has its compensating glory. If we had not the automobile we should not have the Williamsons in fiction nor the road-goggles in art.

The Macmillan Company promises a novel "which sets forth a situation without a parallel." Ah, yes: a man finds a package of old love-letters, addressed to his wife. He takes the liberty to read them, and, maddened by the revelation, murders the lady. At his trial the prosecution directs his attention to the fact that he wrote the

letters himself. Greatly chagrined he—but it would be unfair to forestall the author's enjoyment of the book by revealing the dénouement. He has been told too much already.

Gentlemen who vaunt "the extension of commerce" and expound "the advantages of trade" must endure to be told that Mr. Swinburne is working on a tragedy. They do not know who is Mr. Swinburne, nor why is a tragedy, but they may be assured that the one is not a competitor and the other will not bite them. "The world of politics," too, may preserve the holy calm that distinguishes it from a village churchyard. Publication of Mr. Swinburne's tragedy will not affect "the political situation." Indeed, I hardly know why I mention the matter.

Miss Florence Wilkinson's "The Silent Door," a novel, is credited by a reviewer with a "genuine appeal." Novels without "appeals" are perhaps written, but nowadays they are apparently not reviewed.

Even those of us who do not read "Ouida," nor share her passion for dogs, may pity her adversity in her old age. Compassion for poverty is one of the least expensive of parlor games.

Extract from a popular short story: "Seeing her proceeding away from him, perhaps forever, he intercepted her with an expression of regret for his rudeness, coupled with a plea for pardon. For a breathless instant she stayed her progress as if uncertain as to the degree of his offense, then resumed her pace till she reached the river's brim. With an unconscious prayer she sprang swooning into the breakers and met a watery grave."

The much-betrumpeted "Intellectual Biography" of Victor Hugo turns out to be no biography at all; but in this fortuitous collection of disjected thoughts is enough of light and fire for the need of any little Prometheus ambitious to incur the chain and the vulture, or their modern equivalents, the editorial blue pencil and the conjugal pecking hen.

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